

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	\$2.00
Four copies "	6.00
Night " "	2.00
Twenty " "	20.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.—For the SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM see Prospectus, on the inside of the paper.

For \$5 we send Astor's Home MAGAZINE and THE POET, one year each.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The price for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the annual subscription, so we have to pay the United States postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES may be made in series of any amount by Bank, but we prefer U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and one or two cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$2 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

GIFTS.

I gave my love a bracelet on her natal day—
The light was dancing on the lea—
Its sparkling gems shook lustre when 'twas
worn;
From beds of flagges;
And seem'd to laugh and speak, upon her arm,
Like children on their pillows white and warm.
"This for thy hand," I said; "soo mine"—
With that she gav' me the amulet untwine;
And cried, "Thou buyest me, like a slave!"—
Then stopping, red, a look of love she gave.

II.

In the sweet haying-time, I made a crown of
flowers—
The light was dancing on the lea—
I stole bright blossoms from the butterfly
And honey-sucking bee.

Holding my wreath above her shining head,
"Soon thou art mine—why art thou not?" I
said.

"The Past was happy," she replied;
"The Future is a dangerous path, untried;"—
Then leant her brow upon my breast,
And as she fear'd, soon charm'd her fear to rest.

III.

Next morn, when village bells were pealing
forth our joy—
The light was dancing on the lea—
We fled the rustic mirth of hayy friends,
For happier secret;

Andneath the shadows of a summer wood
We slipped the cup of Earth's beatitude.
"This ring is all my gift to-day."
She, sitting closer, whispered. "Nay, love, nay,
Thou givest thyself—a gift divine.

This day I feel thy heart, thought, life, are
mine!"

BERNL

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNEA'S PRIDE,"
"EAST LYNN," "THE CHANNING," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the
year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the
Clerk's Office of the District Court for the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLII.

A NIGHT SCENE.

Alas for the Trevlyn temper! How many times has the lamentation to be repeated! Were the world filled with lamentations for this most unhappy state of mind to which some of its mortals give way, they could not alone for the ill inflicted. It is not a pleasant topic to enlarge upon, and I seem to have lingered unnecessarily in the dialogue to approach it.

When Rupert leaped the palings and flew away over the field, he was totally incapable of self-government for the time being. I do not say this in his extenuation. I say that such a state of things is most lamentable, and ought not to be. I only state that it was so. The most passionate temper ever born with man may be kept under, where the right means are used—prayer, ever watchful self-control; but how few there are who find the means! Rupert Trevlyn had not. He had no clear perception of what he had done; he probably knew that he had thrust the blazing torch into the rick; but he gave no heed whatever to consequences, whether the hay was undamaged or whether it should burst forth into a flame.

He flew over the field as one possessed; he flew over a succession of fields; the high road intervened, and he was passing over it in his reckless career, when he was encoun-

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1863.



THE REBEL CAVALRY CHARGING THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHAMBERSBURG, PA., JUNE 16.—ENGRAVED FROM "FRANK LESLIE'S PAPER."

tered by Farmer Apperley. Not, for a moment, did the farmer recognize Rupert.

"Hey, lad! What in the name of fortune has taken you?" cried he, laying his hand upon him.

His face distorted with passion, his eyes starting with fury, his breath coming in gasps that were more like shrieks, Rupert tore on. He shook the farmer's hand off him, and tore on, leaping the low dwarf hedge opposite and never speaking.

Mr. Apperley began to doubt whether he had not been deceived by some strange apparition—for instance, as the popular Flying Dutchman. He ran to a stile hard by, and stood their gazing at the mad figure, who seemed to be flying about heedlessly, without purpose. It had not gone out of the field: now in one part of it, now in another: and Mr. Apperley rubbed his eyes and tried to penetrate more clearly the obscurity of the night.

"It was Rupert Trevlyn—if I ever saw him," decided he, at length. "What can have put him into this state? Perhaps he's gone mad!"

The farmer, in his consternation, stood there he knew not how long: ten minutes or a quarter of an hour it may have been. It was not a busy night with him, and he had as soon linger at that gate as to go on at once to Bluck the farrier—which was where he was bound. Any time would do to give his orders to Bluck.

"Well, I can't make it out a bit," soliloquised he, when at length turned away. "I'm sure it was Rupert: but what could have put him into that state? Hollis! what's that?"

A bright light in the direction of Trevlyn Hold had caught his eye. He stood and gazed at it in a second state of consternation equal to that in which he had just gazed after Rupert Trevlyn. "If I don't believe it's a fire!" ejaculated he.

Was everybody running about madly to-night? The words were but escaping Mr. Apperley's lips when a second figure, panting, white, breathless as the other, came flying over the road in the self same spot. This one wore a smock frock, and the farmer recognized Jim Sanders.

"Why, Jim, what's up? What's up?"

"Don't stop me, sir," panted Jim. "Don't you see the blaze there? It's Chattaway's rick-yard."

"Mercy me! Chattaway's rick-yard! What has done it? Have we got the incendiaries in the county again?"

"It was Mr. Rupert," answered Jim, dropping his voice to a whisper. "I see him fire it. Let me go on, please, sir."

In very astonishment, Mr. Apperley loosed his hold of the boy, who went speeding off in the direction of Barbrook. The farmer propped his back against the stile, and there might gather together his scared sense.

Rupert Trevlyn had fired the rick-yard! caused a buzz around. The acknowledg-

ment of the kitchen maid Bridget, that the offender was Rupert Trevlyn, had been whispered and commented upon; and if some were found to believe the whisper, others successfully rejected it. There was Mr. Chattaway's assertion, also—that it was Rupert; but Mr. Chattaway's ill-will to Rupert was remembered that night, and the assertion was received doubtfully. A medesome voice interrupted the fireman.

"Did he fire it?" interrupted Farmer Apperley, eagerly. "What, Jim? Why, what possessed him to do such a thing? I met him just now, like one frightened out of his life, and he laid the guilt on Rupert Trevlyn."

"Hush, Mr. Apperley!" whispered a cautioning voice at his elbow, and the farmer turned to see George Ryle.

The latter, with almost imperceptible movement, directed his attention to the right, to the livid face of Mrs. Chattaway. Like unto one paralyzed stood she, her hands clasped, her features drawn, listening to the words.

"Yes, it was Mr. Rupert," protested Bridget, with a sob. "Jim Sanders told me that he watched Mr. Rupert thrust the lighted torch into the rick. He seemed not to know what he was about, Jim said; he seemed to do it in a passion."

"Hold your tongue, Bridget," interposed a sharp, commanding voice. "Have I not desired you already to do so? It is not upon the hearay evidence of Jim Sanders that you can accuse Mr. Rupert."

The speaker was Miss Diana Trevlyn. In good truth, Miss Diana did not believe that Rupert could have been guilty of the act. It had been disclosed that the torch in the rick-yard belonged to Jim Sanders, had been brought there by him, and she deemed that fact was suspicious against Jim. Miss Diana had arrived unwillingly at the conclusion that Jim Sanders had set the rick on fire by accident; and in his flight had accused Rupert to screen himself. She imparted her view of the affair to Mr. Apperley.

"Like enough," was the response of Mr. Apperley, when he had listened. "Some of these boys have no more caution in 'em than if they were children of two years old. But what could have put Rupert into such a state?" he added, the thought occurring to him. "If anybody ever looked mad, he did this night."

"When?" asked Miss Diana, eagerly, and Mrs. Chattaway pressed up closer with her white countenance.

"No, sir, we never saw nothing," was the reply of the man he addressed. "Mr. Ryle's lad, Jim Sanders, came for us. I never see a chap in such a commotion; he's most got the engine ready himself."

The mention of the name, Jim Sanders, didn't look a bit like Rupert; but when I

saw who it was, I tried to stop him, and asked what was the matter. He shook me off, and went over the opposite hedge like a wild animal, and there he stood about the field. If he had been a lunatic escaped from the county asylum, he couldn't have run worse."

"Did he say nothing?" some voice interrupted.

"Not a word," replied the farmer. "He did not look as if he could speak. Well, before I had digested that shock, or come to any manner of reflection what it could mean, there came another, flying up in the same mad state, and that was Jim Sanders. I stopped him. Nearly at the same time, or just before it, I had seen a light shoot up towards the sky. Jim said, as well as he could talk for fright, that the rick-yard at the Hold was on fire, and that Mr. Rupert had set it alight."

"At all events, the mischief seems to lie between them," remarked some buzzing voices around.

There would have been no time for this desultory conversation—at least, for the gentlemen's share in it—but that the fire-engine had put a stop to their efforts. It had planned itself on the very spot where the line had been formed, scattering those who had taken part in it, and was rapidly getting itself into working order. The flames were shooting up terribly now, and Mr. Chattaway was rushing here, there, and everywhere, in his frantic but impotent efforts to subdue them, or to assist at the means by which they might be subdued. He was not insured.

George Ryle approached Mrs. Chattaway and bent over her, a strangely thrilling tone of kindness pervading his every word: it seemed to suggest how conscious he was of the great sorrow that was coming upon her.

"I wish you would let me take you indoors," he whispered. "Indeed, it is not well for you to be here."

"Where is he?" she gasped, in answer. "Could you not find him, and remove him out of the way of danger?"

A conviction, sure and not to be shaken, had been upon her from the very moment that her husband had avowed his chastisement of Rupert—the conviction that it was he, Rupert, and no other, who had done the mischief. Her own brothers—chiefly, however, her brother Rupert—had been guilty of one or two acts almost as mad in their passion. He could not help his temper, she reasoned—some, perhaps, may say fallaciously; and if Mr. Chattaway had provoked him by that sharp and insulting punishment, it was he who was in fault more than Rupert.

"I would die to save him, George," she whispered. "I would give all I am worth to save him from the consequences. Mr. Chattaway says he will prosecute him to the last."

"I am quite sure you will be ill if you

stay long," responded she. "I am not strong, and I am not however, with cold, but with heat, I will go with you to the house, and care for you there."

"To the house?" she repeated. "What suppose I could stay in the house tonight? Look at them; they are all out here."

She pointed to her children; to the women servants. It was over so; all were out there. Mr. Chattaway, in passing, had once or twice harshly demanded what they, a pack of women, did in a time such as that, and the women had drawn away in the retinue, but only to come forward again. Perhaps it was not in human nature to keep wholly away from that scene of excitement.

A half exclamation of fear escaped Mrs. Chattaway's lips, and she passed a few silent moments.

Holding a close, and apparently private, conference with Mr. Apperley was Bowen, the superintendent of the very slight staff of police-officers stationed in the place. As a general rule, these rustic districts are too peaceful to require much supervision from the men in blue.

"Mr. Apperley, you will not turn against him?" she implored, from between her fevered and trembling lips; and in good truth, Mrs. Chattaway gave indications of being almost as much beside herself that night as was the unhappy Rupert. "Is Bowen asking you where you saw Rupert, that he may go and find him? Do not you turn against him?"

"My dear, good lady, I have not got a thing to tell," returned Mr. Apperley, looking at her in doubtful surprise, for her manner was very strange. "Bowen heard me say, as everybody else within some feet around us heard me, that Mr. Rupert was in the Brook field when I came from it. But I have nothing else to tell of him; and he may not be there now. It's hardly likely that he should be."

Mrs. Chattaway lifted her white face to Bowen.

"You will not take him?" she imploringly whispered.

The man shook his head—he was an intelligent officer, much respected in the neighborhood—and answered her, in the same low tone, "I can't help myself, ma'am. When charges are given to us, we are obliged to take cognizance of them, and to arrest, if needs be, those implicated."

"Has this charge been given you?" she asked.

"Yes, this half hour ago. I was up here almost with the breaking out of the flames, for I happened to be close by, and Mr. Chattaway made his formal complaint to me, and put it in my charge."

Her heart sunk within her.

"And you are looking for him?"

"Chigwell is," replied the superintendent, alluding to a policeman. "And Dumps is gone to see after Jim Sanders."

"Thank Heavens!" exclaimed a voice at her elbow. It was that of George Ryle, and Mrs. Chattaway turned to him in griefed amazement. But George's words had not borne reference to her, or to anything she was saying.

"It is beginning to rain," he exclaimed. "A fine, steady rain would do us more good than the engines. What does that noise mean?"

A loud murmur of excitement had arisen on the opposite side of the rick-yard, and was spreading as fast as did the flames. George looked in vain for its cause; he was very tall, and he raised himself on tip-toe to see the better: as yet without result.

But not for long. The cause soon showed itself. Pushing his way through the rick-yard, pale, subdued, quiet now, came Rupert Trevlyn. Not in custody; not fettered; not passionate; only very worn and weary, as if he had undergone some painful amount of fatigue. It was all the fit of passion had left him; worn out, weary, powerless. In the days gone by it had so left his uncle Rupert.

Mr. Bowen walked up, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. "I am sorry to do it, sir," he said, "but you are my prisoner."

"I can't help it," weakly responded Rupert.

But what brought Rupert Trevlyn back into the very camp of the Philistines? Rupert, in his terrible passion, had partly fallen to the ground, partly dung himself on it in the field where Mr. Apperley saw him, and there he lay until the passion abated. Then he gathered himself up so far as to sit, and bent his head upon his knees, and revolved what had passed. How long he might have stayed there, it is impossible to say, but that shouts and cries in the road aroused him, and he lifted his head to see that red

and now he was in his freedom. He turned and looked at him. "The rick-yard at the Holden's on fire."

"I don't know what you mean," said George. "It's a fact, that he did not positively remember what he had done; that is to say, had no very clear recollection of it. Giving no thought to consequences, to himself—any more than he had an hour previously given thought to the consequences of his work—he began to hasten to the Holden's as fast as his depressed physical state would permit. If he had known that facts, it was only fair that he should do what he could towards putting it out."

"They say not fulfil its promise of coming down as George Ryle had fondly hoped. But the little engines from Barbrook had done good service, and the flames did not spread over the whole of the rick-yard. Later, the two great Barmaster engines then came up, and by midnight the fire was subdued and the danger over."

And Rupert Treviyan was in custody for having caused it.

CHAPTER XLIV.

NORA'S DIPLOMACY.

Amidst all that mass of human beings collected in and about the burning rick-yard of Treviyan Hold, perhaps not one was so intensely miserable, not even excepting the unhappy Report, as its mistress, Mrs. Chattaway. He stood there in custody for a crime of dark dye; a crime for which the punishment but a few short years before would have been the extreme penalty enforced by the laws of England; he whom she had so loved. In her chequered life of pain she had experienced moments of unhappiness than which she had thought no future could exceed them in intensity; but had all those moments been concentrated into one dark and dreadful hour, it could not have equalled the trouble of this. The confusion of the scene, its noise, its bustle, its moving mass of humanity, its red light, now dim and apparently subdued, now shooting up with renewed glare, moved before her actual sight like unto the scenes in a phantasmagoria, even as the dread consequences moved before the sight of her mind. Her vivid imagination leaped over the present and held up to her view but one appalling picture of the future—Rupert working in chains. Poor, unhappy, wronged Rupert! whom they had kept out of his rights, whom her husband had now by his personal ill-treatment goaded to the ungovernable passion which was the curse of her family; and this was the result.

Every pulse of her heart beating with its sense of the terrible wrong; every buried chord of love for Rupert strung to its utmost tension; every fear that an excitable imagination can depict raised up within her, Mrs. Chattaway leaned against the palings at the upper part of the yard in utter faintness of spirit. Her ears took in with unnatural quickness the free comments around. Under shelter of an obscure light, making part of a busy crowd, people will speak out opinions that they might shrink from proclaiming in broad glare of day. She heard some hotly avow their belief that Rupert was not guilty except in the malicious fancy of Mr. Chattaway; she heard them say that Chattaway was "took white," "all scared like," when he found that Rupert was alive, instead of being dead, down in the mine; even the more moderate ones observed that after all it was but Jim Sanders' word for it; and that if Jim did not appear to confirm it, Mr. Rupert must be held innocent.

The wonder appeared to be, where was Jim? He had not reappeared on the scene, and his absence certainly wore a suspicious look. In moments of intense fear, the slightest word, the barest hint, is received into the mind, vividly and comprehensively as though it were an elaborately written folio, and Mrs. Chattaway's heart bounded within her at that whispered suggestion. If Jim Sanders did not appear to confirm his word, Report must be held innocent. Was there no possibility of keeping Jim back? By persuasion—by stratagem—by force, even, if necessary? The blood came mounting to her pale cheek at the thought, red as the lurid flame which lighted up the air. At that moment she saw George Ryle hastening across the yard near to her. She glided towards him, and he turned in answer to her call.

"You see! They have taken Rupert!"

"Do not distress yourself, dear Mrs. Chattaway," he answered. "I wish you could have been persuaded not to remain in this scene: it is altogether unfit for you."

"George," she gasped, "do you believe he did it?"

George Ryle did believe it. He had heard about the horsewhipping, and knowing what he knew of that mad and evil passion called the Treviyan temper, he could not do otherwise than believe it.

"Ah, don't speak!" she interrupted, perceiving his hesitation. "I see you condemn me as one of those around me are condemning. But," she added, with fervent expression, "there is only the word of Jim Sanders against him. They are saying so."

"Very true," replied George in a hearty tone, desiring to give her any comfort that he could give. "But Jim must make good his words before we can credit him."

"Gentlemen, Jim Sanders has always been honest upon his word," interposed Octavia Chattaway, who had drawn near. Surely,

it was illustrated in days of old, however infatuated the bad might be!

"It has to be proved yet that Jim did make the accusation," said George in reply to Octavia. "It is not obliged to be the fact, although Bridget asserts it. And even if Jim did say it, he may have been mistaken. He must show that he was not, before the magistrates to-morrow, or the charge will fall to the ground."

"And Rupert be released?" added Mrs. Chattaway, with a strangely suspicious eagerness.

"Certainly. At least, I should suppose so."

He went on his way; Octavia went back to where she had been standing previously, and Mrs. Chattaway remained alone, buried in thought.

A few minutes, and she stole out of the yard. *Side out*: it is the most suitable expression. With stealthy steps, and eyes that glanced fearfully around her, lest her movement should be noticed, she escaped by gradual degrees beyond the crowd, and emerged in the open field. Then, turning an angle at a fleet pace—as if, now that she was out of the reach of prying eyes, she would lose no time on the errand she was bound—she ran against some one who was coming swiftly up. Mrs. Chattaway's heart-broken course on with violence, and a low cry escaped her. It seemed, in her lively self-consciousness, that the mere fact of being encountered like this, was sufficient to betray the wild project she had conceived and was now bent on. Conscience is very suggestive.

But it was only Nora Dickson: and Nora in a state of overflowing wrath. When the alarm that there was a fire at the Hold reached Treviyan Farm, its inmates hastened out to the scene with one accord, leaving none in the house but Nora and Mrs. Ryle. Mrs. Ryle, suffering from some temporary indisposition, was in bed, and Nora, impulsive as was Mrs. Chattaway, but with far greater calmness of mind, strength of judgment, turned without a word. From that moment she entered into the plot heart and soul. If Jim Sanders could be kept back by mortal means, Nora would keep him. She revolved matters rapidly in her mind as she went along, but had not proceeded many steps when she halted and laid her hand on the arm of her companion.

"I had better go alone about this business, Madam Chattaway. If you'll trust to me, it shall be done—if it can be done."

"As I stand at the door I thought I heard the steps of two," explained the woman,

"and when only you came round the hedge corner, I wondered. Maybe 'twas a kind o' echo."

"Echo sound plainer in the still night than they do in the day," carelessly observed Nora.

"It is true that Mr. Rupert is said to be mixed up in it," she continued, speaking with a purpose. "But whether he set it on fire, or whether it was Jim, or both of them together, they'd better have kept in hiding until the first noise of the thing had blown over. Mr. Rupert can't now, for he is taken into custody."

"Into custody?" echoed Mrs. Sanders in a scared whisper.

"Yes, he is. But he can't be hurt, and nothing can be proved against him, unless some eye-witness comes forward to speak against him. Now the only one in the yard at the time, besides himself, was your Jim. In a word, Meg Sanders, Jim can hurt Mr. Rupert, and Mr. Rupert, I suppose, can hurt Jim; clearly, then, they have only got to hold their tongues one of another."

"Jim would hold him if he were told," cried the mother, eagerly.

"It won't do to trust Jim. Once the magistrate got Jim before them, they'd frighten him, and badger him, and question him, till they'd only make him criminate Mr. Rupert, but himself as well. That would be the upshot, Meg Sanders; Jim must be found, must be hid away out of harm for the next four-and-twenty hours. Where is he to be got at?"

"I couldn't tell you if you killed me for it," protested Meg Sanders, and her tones were an earnest answer; "I can't rest until I see what chance there is. As to catching cold, I have been standing in the open air since the fire broke out, and have not felt whether it was cold or hot. I am too feverish to-night for any cold to touch me."

Nevertheless, she untied her black silk apron as she spoke, and folded it cornerwise over her head, shutting in all her fair falling curls. Nora made no further remonstrance.

"I had better go alone about this business, Madam Chattaway. If you'll trust to me, it shall be done—if it can be done."

"You half here, Madam Chattaway," she whispered, pointing to a friendly projecting hedge, "and let me go on and feel my way with her. She'll be a vast deal more difficult to deal with than Jim; and the more I reflect, the more I am convinced that it will not do for you to be seen in it."

So far, Mrs. Chattaway acquiesced. She stopped under cover of the hanging hedge, and Nora went on alone. But when she had really gained the door, it was shut, and nobody appeared at it. She lifted the cumbrous, old-fashioned wood latch, and entered. The door had no more secure fastening; strange as that fact may sound to the dweller in towns. The woman had backed against the further wall, and was staring at the intruder with a face of shivering dread; keen Nora noted the signs, drew a very natural deduction from them, and shaped her tactics accordingly.

"Where's Jim?" began she, in a decisive but not unkind tone.

"It must have been done in a fit of the Treviyan temper, Nora," she whispered imploringly, as if beseeching Nora's clemency of judgment for him. "The temper was born with him, you know, Nora, and he could not help that—and to be horsewhipped is a terrible thing."

If Nora had felt inclined to doubt the report before, that the calamity had been caused by Report, these words dispelled the doubt, and brought to her a momentary shock. Nora was not one to excuse or extenuate a crime so great as that of wilfully setting fire to a rick-yard; to all who have to do with farms, with rick-yards, it is especially abhorrent, and Nora was no exception; but in this case she did, by some ingenious sophistry of her own, shift the blame from Report's shoulders, and lay it on Mr. Chattaway's; and she again expressed her opinion of that gentleman's conduct in pretty plain terms.

"He is in custody, Nora!" said Mrs. Chattaway, with a shiver. "He is to be examined to-morrow before the magistrates, and

they will either commit him or release him, according to the evidence. Should he be tried and condemned for it, the punishment might be most severe for him."

"Many help him!" exclaimed Nora in dismay at this new feature presented to her view. "That would be a climax to his unhappy life, poor lad—that would!"

"But if they can prove nothing against him to-morrow, the magistrates will not commit him," resumed Mrs. Chattaway, who had scarcely paused to give time for Nora's observation. "There's nothing against him; nothing to prove it but Jim Sanders' word; and, Nora,"—she fervently added—"perhaps we can keep Jim back."

"Jim's a fool!" repeated Nora, who as yet had not heard of Jim's word in connection with the affair. "What has Jim got to do with it?"

Mrs. Chattaway explained. She mentioned all that was said to have passed, with stealthy steps, and eyes that glanced fearfully around her, lest her movement should be noticed, she escaped by gradual degrees beyond the crowd, and emerged in the open field. Then, turning an angle at a fleet pace—as if, now that she was out of the reach of prying eyes, she would lose no time on the errand she was bound—she ran against some one who was coming swiftly up. Mrs. Chattaway's heart-broken course on with violence, and a low cry escaped her. It seemed, in her lively self-consciousness, that the mere fact of being encountered like this, was sufficient to betray the wild project she had conceived and was now bent on. Conscience is very suggestive.

But it was only Nora Dickson: and Nora in a state of overflowing wrath. When the alarm that there was a fire at the Hold reached Treviyan Farm, its inmates hastened out to the scene with one accord, leaving none in the house but Nora and Mrs. Ryle. Mrs. Ryle, suffering from some temporary indisposition, was in bed, and Nora, impulsive as was Mrs. Chattaway, but with far greater calmness of mind, strength of judgment, turned without a word. From that moment she entered into the plot heart and soul. If Jim Sanders could be kept back by mortal means, Nora would keep him. She revolved matters rapidly in her mind as she went along, but had not proceeded many steps when she halted and laid her hand on the arm of her companion.

"I had better go alone about this business, Madam Chattaway. If you'll trust to me, it shall be done—if it can be done."

"As I stand at the door I thought I heard the steps of two," explained the woman, "and when only you came round the hedge corner, I wondered. Maybe 'twas a kind o' echo."

"Echo sound plainer in the still night than they do in the day," carelessly observed Nora.

"It is true that Mr. Rupert is said to be mixed up in it," she continued, speaking with a purpose. "But whether he set it on fire, or whether it was Jim, or both of them together, they'd better have kept in hiding until the first noise of the thing had blown over. Mr. Rupert can't now, for he is taken into custody."

"Into custody?" echoed Mrs. Sanders in a scared whisper.

"Yes, he is. But he can't be hurt, and nothing can be proved against him, unless some eye-witness comes forward to speak against him. Now the only one in the yard at the time, besides himself, was your Jim. In a word, Meg Sanders, Jim can hurt Mr. Rupert, and Mr. Rupert, I suppose, can hurt Jim; clearly, then, they have only got to hold their tongues one of another."

"Jim would hold him if he were told," cried the mother, eagerly.

"It won't do to trust Jim. Once the magistrate got Jim before them, they'd frighten him, and badger him, and question him, till they'd only make him criminate Mr. Rupert, but himself as well. That would be the upshot, Meg Sanders; Jim must be found, must be hid away out of harm for the next four-and-twenty hours. Where is he to be got at?"

"I couldn't tell you if you killed me for it," protested Meg Sanders, and her tones were an earnest answer; "I can't rest until I see what chance there is. As to catching cold, I have been standing in the open air since the fire broke out, and have not felt whether it was cold or hot. I am too feverish to-night for any cold to touch me."

Nevertheless, she untied her black silk apron as she spoke, and folded it cornerwise over her head, shutting in all her fair falling curls. Nora made no further remonstrance.

"I had better go alone about this business, Madam Chattaway. If you'll trust to me, it shall be done—if it can be done."

"You half here, Madam Chattaway," she whispered, pointing to a friendly projecting hedge, "and let me go on and feel my way with her. She'll be a vast deal more difficult to deal with than Jim; and the more I reflect, the more I am convinced that it will not do for you to be seen in it."

So far, Mrs. Chattaway acquiesced. She stopped under cover of the hanging hedge, and Nora went on alone. But when she had really gained the door, it was shut, and nobody appeared at it. She lifted the cumbrous, old-fashioned wood latch, and entered. The door had no more secure fastening; strange as that fact may sound to the dweller in towns. The woman had backed against the further wall, and was staring at the intruder with a face of shivering dread; keen Nora noted the signs, drew a very natural deduction from them, and shaped her tactics accordingly.

"Where's Jim?" began she, in a decisive but not unkind tone.

"It's not true what they are saying of him," Miss Dickson, gasped the woman. "I could be upon my Bible oath that he never did it. Jim ain't of that wicked natur; he'd never harm a fly."

"But there are such things as accidents, you are aware, Meg Sanders," promptly answered Nora, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. "It's a thing certain that he was in the rick-yard with a lighted torch; and boys, as everybody knows, are the most careless animals on earth. Is Jim here? I suppose you have got him in hiding?"

"I haven't set eyes on Jim since night fall," the woman answered.

"It's not true what they are saying of him," Miss Dickson, gasped the woman. "I could be upon my Bible oath that he never did it. Jim ain't of that wicked natur; he'd never harm a fly."

"Mind you do," said Nora. "And now, I suppose he is in custody."

"I'll take care what then; I'll take care of him. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman. "I'll be sure to do it, Miss Dickson."

"Mind you do," said Nora. "And now, I suppose he is in custody."

Mrs. Sanders was coming to the door with the candle officially to light her visitor over the threshold, but Nora emphatically sent her back, giving her at the same time a piece of advice in rather a sharp tone—to keep her cottage dark and silent that night, lest the attention of passers-by might be drawn upon it.

"It was not cheering news to carry back

to poor Jim. Chattaway. This much, then, Ming, unhappy, July had quitted the shelter of the hedge—where she probably found her retreating position not a very safe one—and was standing behind the huge trunk of a tree at a little distance, her arms clasping it for support, as she threw her whole weight forward upon it. To stand long, unaided, was nearly a physical impossibility, for her spine was weak. She saw Nora, and came forward.

"Where is he?"

"He is not at home. His mother does not know where he is. She has heard that—Hush! Who's this?"

Nora's voice dropped, and they retreated behind a tree. To be seen in the vicinity of Jim Sanders' cottage would not have been politic, considering the object they had in view—that of burying alive the gentleman for a safe time. The steps advanced closer, and Nora, stealing a peep round the trunk, recognised Farmer Apperley.

He was coming from the direction of the Hold; and they rightly judged, seeing him walking thus, pretty leisurely, that the danger must be over. At the same moment they became conscious of footsteps approaching from another direction. They were coming across the road, bearing rather towards the Hold, and in another moment would meet Mr. Apperley. Footsore, weary, but yet excited, and making what haste he could, their owner came in view, disclosing the face and person of Mr. Jim Sanders. Mrs. Chattaway uttered a suppressed exclamation, and would have started forward; but Nora, with more caution, held her back.

The farmer heard the cry and looked round, but he could see nothing, and probably thought his ears had deceived him. As he turned his head back again, there, right in front of him, was Jim Sanders. Quick as lightning, his powerful grasp was laid upon the boy's shoulder.

"Now, then! Where have you been skulking?"

"Lawk a mercy! I han't been skulking, sir," returned Jim, apparently surprised at the salutation, "I be a'most ready to drop with the speed I've made."

Poor, ill-judged Jim! In point of fact, he had done more, indirectly, towards the putting out of the fire, than had Farmer Apperley and ten of the best men at his back. Jim's horror and consternation when he saw the flames burst forth had taken from him all thought—all power, as may be said—save instinct. Instinct led him to Barbrook, to apprise the fire-engine there: he saw it off, and then hastened all the way to Barbrook, and actually gave notice to the engines and urged their departure before the arrival of Mrs. Chattaway on his fleet horse. From Barmaster Jim started off to Layton's Heath, a place standing at an acute angle between Barmaster and Barbrook, but further off both places than those two towns were apart from each other, and posted off the engines from there: and now Jim was toiling back again, footsore and weary; but somewhat excited still, and was bending his course to Treviyan Hold, to render his poor assistance towards putting out the flames. Rupert Treviyan had always been a favorite of Jim's; Rupert, in his good-natured way, had patted Jim; and the boy in his unconscious gratitude was striving to amend the damage which he saw Rupert cause. In after days, this night's walk—or rather run of Jim's, for he must have flown over the ground at the swiftest pace—was told of as a marvel verging on the impossible: men are apt to forget the bodily marvels that can be done under the influence of terror, or any other great emotion.

Something of this—of where he had been and for what purpose—Jim explained to the farmer, and Mr. Apperley released his de-taunting hold.

"They are saying up there, lad," jerking his thumb back to indicate the Hold

New Jersey for help, and do next to nothing in their own defense. Rhode Island, with her handful of brave men, would have driven out all the invaders in three days, had they visited her; but this state with a population as large as half the white population of the South, lets herself be overrun without effectual resistance. All honor to the few men of courage there who do something—they need all our gratitude to support them under the dishonor of being born in such a state. And especial honor to the colored men who are coming forward bravely under the authority of Major Meade.

Lee's soldiers at the last accounts had spread themselves over the central southern country, but seemed to be marching with some delay, but certainly upon Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Gen. Couch, in command at Harrisburg, may be able to stop them, but we fear not, for he has Pennsylvanians enough in his army to demoralize it. If Harrisburg falls, then we may see an attack on Philadelphia, but most probably Lee will move towards the Alleghenies. He is not safe from an attack by the Army of the Potomac, for Gen. Meade is close upon his rear, and prepared to offer battle.

Note the charges in the above—that Pennsylvania has a "contemptible population"—that they are not equal in spirit to "maggots"—that her people "are fattening on the miseries of the country"—that they have not gone to the war—that Pennsylvania has been invaded by "a mere handful of ragged rebels," whom "Rhode Island would have driven out in three days"—and that General Couch "has Pennsylvanians enough in his army to demoralize it."

Judged by the light which recent occurrences have shed upon the rebel invasion, how false, how stupid, how calumnious does not the greater portion of the above distribute appear.

Pennsylvania, unassisted by the Army of the Potomac, would have done her best—but that she would have been able in a few weeks to create an army sufficiently large, well-disciplined, and provided with artillery, to "take care," as another Boston paper, the *Transcript*, said, "of the whole of Lee's army," we cannot assert with a great degree of certainty. If Rhode Island could have done it "in three days," as the *Commonwealth* says, we are only sorry that Rhode Island is not located between us and the Virginia border—a situation in which we should be devoutly thankful if heaven would only place Massachusetts.

How is it, by-the-way, that the editor of the *Commonwealth*, who talks so valiantly, and despairs the courage of other men so recklessly, does not go himself to the war? As one Bostonian seems to be worth in his estimation an infinite number of Pennsylvanians, the reasons are infinitely greater that he should go than that the Pennsylvanians should—because they would only "demoralize" the army, and thus be worth less than nothing.

But to speak seriously, do not our New England friends know that there was no better fighting done in Virginia than by the Pennsylvania Reserves and other Pennsylvania troops? Do they not know that the three senior generals at Gettysburg, including the commander-in-chief, were Pennsylvanians—and that there were a large number of regiments from this state in that battle? Judging from the accounts by the army correspondents of the New York papers, certain Pennsylvania regiments were in the thickest of the fight. The army correspondent of the *New York Times* singled out the "Philadelphia Brigade" for special eulogy—saying that the dead rebels were piled higher in front of their position than in any other place.

Philadelphia has given to the Army of the Potomac two leaders—the only two that have won any victories—has Boston done better? She has given to the military service between 40,000 and 50,000 men—has Boston done better?

The Pennsylvania Reserves, a corps of 16,000 men, organized expressly for state defense, and led by such officers as McCall and Meade, were freely offered to the Federal Government when the news came of Bull Run. Do our sister states forget that offer, and its value to the Union?

It may be said we should have organized another corps. We ought to have done so. And yet if we had, it doubtless also would have been given to the Federal service on one of the several perilous moments that have since occurred. Why, if we had had such a force in existence at the time of the late invasion, it probably would have been ordered to join with and strengthen the Army of the Potomac, instead of opposing the direct march into the state of the invading forces.

The truth is, as near as we can get at it, that the Federal military authorities did not think it wise policy to oppose Lee with a strong force on the Pennsylvania border—and that conviction, and their consequent inaction in that direction, palied the first natural uprising of our people. The military authorities seemed to think, if the wary old rebel rat is foolish enough to go into the trap, why scare him out in order to save a little cheese?

Thus the people of Pennsylvania, alarmed at a loud outcry in the papers, whose principal usefulness was that it deceived Lee, began to rush up to Harrisburg—and were there told they could not be allowed to aid in expelling the rebels from their state, unless they regularly entered the United States service for six months.

What was the natural result? They at once argued that the exigency was not so

very great, and that they could not be so imperatively needed, or else the authorities would not be so particular as to the term of service.

And the truth is, that the Federal authorities, when you approached them, never did seem to be much alarmed. The confidential word always was, "things are going on exactly right." The masses of our citizens were entirely ready for martial law, and an ordering out of every able-bodied man in the community, but the military authorities said they thought it needless, unadvisable.

And thus beneath the loud noise in the newspapers was a calm conviction on the part of the best informed men—that those who had every constituency—that the only real danger lay in the defeat of the Army of the Potomac. Still, even in that case, it was considered that the army would be only shattered, not destroyed; and that, falling behind the natural and artificial defenses of the country, and aided by a turn-out of the whole population, it could hold its own until strengthened from other quarters.

That there is danger to the northern border states in not having a powerful reserve, all must admit—but even if you create a reserve, the best place for it—to use a Hibernicism—is probably in the front. For, as every one will say, why keep a large body of troops standing idle, in order to be of use after a defeat, when they might be thrown at once into the conflict and thus insure a speedy victory?

THE UNION CAVALRY.—The following extract from a private letter recently published in the *Germania* Telegraph, written by one of the 9th Pennsylvania cavalry, now in the West, would seem to explain the reason of the superiority of the Union over the Rebel cavalry in that section of the country. The writer says:—

We get used to "wars and rumors of war," and would only be too much rejoiced to have our brigade pitted against Jenkins's 8,000 in the Cumberland Valley. It would be glorious, going to fight on one's native soil, where we know the ground and roads, instead of this country, where we neither know the roads or fords, and lurking enemies are in front, rear and flanks, to carry information. Oh, if we could only get at them in Pennsylvania in the ratio of one to three, our minds would be quite at rest. The rebels here are hard fighting men, and are just as good as ours, perhaps better; but we have the great advantage of cavalry arms. Breech-loading carbines, revolving pistols and sabres, against their long muzzle loading rifles, so that we can always hold them at bay one to three, and whip them easily at one to two. If they had such arms as we carry, they would bear us back to the Ohio by dint of numbers. They are exceeding strong in cavalry.

But the rebel cavalry in the Atlantic states, if we are not mistaken, are armed in regular cavalry style, and still the superiority, of late, seems to be decidedly with our own troops. Both in the East and the West, for several months past, the Union cavalry seem to far exceed the rebel, alike as regards daring enterprises, and steady, hand-to-hand fighting. Events have proved that Gen. Scott was entirely wrong in his views on this subject, and that on a field of warfare where the distances are so great, the cavalry arm of the service is not only useful, but absolutely indispensable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND SINCE THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE THIRD. 1760-1860. By THOMAS ERskine MAY, C. B. Vol. 2. Published by Crosby & Nichols, Boston; and for sale by Smith, Ellett & Co., Philadelphia.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF FREE THOUGHT IN REFERENCE TO THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford. By ADAM STOREY FARRAR, M. A. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

REMEDY FOR SMALL POX.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FOX LAKE, June 27th.

Mr. Editor:—In the last number of *This Post* I find an article entitled—"Indian remedy for small pox," which is no doubt a very effective cure. I would suggest that the writer in the Druggist's Circular or Dr. Morris should give a very little more attention to the common names of plants; *Baracara purpurea* being "side saddle flower," while the pitcher plant is the Nepenthis Distillatoria of the Indies.

I make this suggestion because mistakes in common names are sometimes very dangerous. Respectfully J. L. WEED.

E A man was intending to be married the other day, or rather night, in Greenwich, Mass. All preparations were completed, and the bride and two hundred guests were present all ready for the ceremony. After waiting for the bridegroom till a late hour, the party broke up on account of his non-arrival. The next day the dilatory lover made his appearance, saying that he had not thought it best to venture out the previous evening, on account of the storm!

E A contemporary says:—"The two opposing armies in the North may be said to have imbibed, of late, a pastoral taste—since they are now led by, "Spangled Meade and flowery Lee."

E What the Poles are doing to the Russians—Polishing them off.

"TOGETHER."

BY EDWARD WILLET.

Together! together! Oh, why should we part? Together in hand, and together in heart!

Shoulder to shoulder, as ever before,

Oh, still let us strive for the Union of you!

Oh, well may we bleed, as our strength bleeds, For liberty dies when the Union is dead.

Then, still let us cling to our Union of old;

It is better than all of our lives and our gold.

Northerner, Southerner, still you are one, Spite of the foul deeds that irritation have done—Spite of your bloodshed and spite of your hate!

Living or dead, you are joined in your fate.

As one you have risen: as one you must fall; And one flag or no flag must float over all.

For better or worse we have pledged our youth, And the ruins of Union must bury us both.

Then bloody and long though the contest may be,

Our freemen must fight for the cause of the free.

Though rivers of blood may yet deluge the land,

Our heart must not fail us, nor slacken our hand.

No counting of cost! for the Union is worth All the lives of the South and the lives of the North;

For what is of value to you and to me, If the stars shall be torn from the flag of the free?

Together! together! Join hands once again! Though years be before us as of toil and of pain.

Together! together! we conquer or fall!

For one flag or no flag must float over all!

THE COMMANDER OF THE UNION ARMY.

General Meade's military history has already been given to the world. His private and personal biography (which now belongs to the country that he has served so well) is briefly this:

He was born at Cadiz, the commercial metropolis of Spain, in 1816. His father, Richard Worms Meade, of Philadelphia, was then Consul of the United States and Navy Agent at that port, having been appointed to those offices under President Thomas Jefferson in 1800, and continued in them under Presidents Madison and Monroe. Near the close of Monroe's administration he returned to the United States with his family. During the twenty years of his residence in Spain, Richard W. Meade became "the father of eight living children." Among those eight children was George Gordon Meade, now commanding the army of the Potomac.

General Meade figured largely in the momentous events of the period of his residence in Spain. He maintained possession of the confidence of not only successive administrations at home, but of all the various governments which, at fitful intervals, took possession of Madrid.

His services in aiding the re-establishment of the independence of Spain were gratefully acknowledged, not only by the King, the Regency, and the Cortes of the kingdom, but by the Duke of Wellington, who, when known only by the title of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and afterwards Baron Wellington, was a personal friend and occasional visitor of Mr. Meade. The conqueror on the bloody battle-field near Gettysburg has been often "borne in the arms and dandled on the knees" of the British hero of the peninsular campaign and the subsequent victory at Waterloo.—*Exchange Paper*.

E General Grant is, in camp, addicted to the "use of the weed" to a moderate extent; but on the battle-field he indulges more than usual. The more desperate the battle, the more extravagant his use of Cuban and Principea. When his men are pushing forward and the enemy giving way, the blue smoke ascends at regular intervals in small and scarcely perceptible curls. When the ground is being contested, his face is lost in Cuban exhalations. When there is a prospect that the day will go against him, he ceases to smoke, and commences to punish his innocent exotic by vigorously biting the end of it. When he rides along the front without a cigar, there is no enemy in front except a small body of rebel cavalry, and he knows it.

E Humboldt estimates that an acre of ground planted with bananas is sufficient to support fifty men, while the same extent of land in wheat would barely supply the wants of three. If the climate in the valley of the Mississippi would admit of the cultivation of the banana, at the above rate, as there is said to be land enough for eight millions of farms of one hundred and sixty acres each, one half or four millions would sustain a population of thirty-two thousand millions, which is more than thirty times the present population of the globe.

E An economical hint for the Secretary of the Navy—Let our sailors be taught to make their own stockings out of the "yarn" they manufacture.

E The navy officers say that the iron-clad monitors are uninhabitable, and that Ericsson must invent wrought-iron men to work in them; ordinary men can't stand them.

E How the Prince of Wales popped the question to the Princess of Denmark—Please deign to marry me! And the fair Dane deigned.

E A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business.

E "Honesty," says Archbishop Whately, "is the best policy; but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man."

E The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

"THE GREAT BATTLE."

The brief description of the *Two Days* that follows briefly but truly describes the great three days' battle of Gettysburg.

Gettsburg, July 4.—As the details, the incidents and the general history of the great victory are brought to light, it is clearly seen as the most hotly contested and decisive engagement of the great rebellion. The peculiar feature of the battle is the severity and desperation with which it was fought by both armies, and the glorious scene places the honor of the national arms and the valor of the Army of the Potomac in the imperishable annals of brilliant history.

The battle occupied three days. Six hours fighting on Wednesday, four hours on Thursday, and including the artillery firing on Friday, thirteen hours that day, making a total of twenty-three hours, during which the battle raged with extreme fury.

The momentous and decisive part of the battle was that on Friday. It began really at daylight, and continued until 10 o'clock, the principal part of the infantry fighting being on the right, with Slocum's corps. A full of three hours followed, during which the enemy massed his artillery on our centre, held by Hancock with the second and Newton with the first corps. About one o'clock one hundred and twenty guns opened on that position, and raised shot and shell in a perfect deluge for one hour and forty minutes. A graphic description of this awful period has already been furnished to the Times by an older pen than mine, for that writer and one of the Times' messengers had the exciting faculty of enduring the storm of iron during the whole time. Mr. Wilson is today engaged in the momentous duty of examining the remains and effects of his chief foe, the gallant young Bayard, who was severely wounded on Wednesday, left on the field, and dying slowly, after ten hours' suffering, without a friend or a word to soothe the dying agonies of his soul. Lieutenant Wilson was but nineteen years old, yet had command of Battery G, 4th regimental artillery. His death adds another to the holocaust of this terrible war.

I rode this morning over the entire length of the battle-field, and it is not too much to say, for I have seen nearly every other battlefield in Maryland and Virginia, that the slaughter was perfectly unparalleled. Our details were busily engaged in collecting and burying the dead, and the ghastly, terrible sights were enough to shock a heart of adamant.

The vast number of dead lying in front of Slocum's line, on the right, and of Hancock's and Newton's on the centre, attracted much comment. They had literally been mown down by whole ranks at a single discharge. Slocum accomplished a bloody repulse of Ewell's corps on Friday morning, sustaining but small loss himself; his position being very formidable, against which the enemy insanely charged.

But the field full of the greatest incidents and the scene of the most desperate fighting, was on the centre, in front of Hancock and Newton, against whom Longstreet's corps was precipitated. The enemy's front was that of one division in line of battle; there were two such lines, and a very heavy line of skirmishers, almost equal to another line of battle. Out of their concealment in the woods they came across the open fields and up the gentle crest, on the top of which was our line—a weak line of men behind a line of defence hastily thrown up, and composed partly of stone walls, partly of rifle-pits, and partly of natural projections of soil and rock. The first charge was repulsed; the line broke and fell back before it had reached a point two-thirds the way over. A second line was formed; the officers came to the front, and with the onset of fierce and brutal hearts they rushed. Our men looked with astonishment, while fighting with great vigor; their line was dangerously weak; the defences were not formidable. A few men temporarily gave way; our advance, in some instances, slightly faltered. The artillery engaged was small in force, having been seriously weakened during the early part of the fight. The rebels came on so close that their expressions of fierce rage were plainly distinguished; some of them actually gained the inside of the first wall—but they never returned. Our immortal men, nerve'd to a degree of desperation never before equalled, poured forth such a devastating fire, and the artillery joining with its terrible canister, that the two long lines of the foe literally sank into the earth. Of the divisions of Pickett and Heth, who made that charge, composed of eight brigades, positively not two brigades returned uninjured across the field. The color-bearers of thirty-five rebel regiments, who were in that charge, were shot down, the colors fall on the field, and were gathered up by the victorious veterans of the 2d corps. Being repulsed, large numbers of the enemy started back on the retreat, but our fire was so destructive that they fell flat on their faces, or again rushed about and implored mercy at our hands as prisoners of war. Seven colonels of rebel regiments were buried on that field this morning; eight more were captured, beside those who were wounded and crawled or were taken off. Among the rebel officers killed and captured on that front, were Barksdale on Thursday; Garnett killed, and Armistead wounded, on Friday—these general officers, Col. Magruder, brother of Gen. Magruder, killed; Col. Lee, of the 4th Virginia, is a prisoner; Col. Allen, of the 48th Georgia, is killed; Col. Miller, of the 42d Mississippi, is a prisoner and wounded; Col. Frye, of the 13th Alabama, and Col. Ashton, of Virginia, are both prisoners. All these were captured or destroyed by the brigade of Gen. Webb, a most intrepid officer, who won, with many others, the highest plaudits for his conduct.

E Humboldt estimates that an acre of ground planted with bananas is sufficient to support fifty men, while the same extent of land in wheat would barely supply the wants of three. If the climate in the valley of the Mississippi would admit of the cultivation of the banana, at the above rate, as there is said to be land enough for eight millions of farms of one hundred and sixty acres each, one half or four millions would sustain a population of thirty-two thousand millions, which is more than thirty times the present population of the globe.

E Farmers never fail in business. The Massachusetts Farmer states that out of 1,112 persons who took the benefit of the late bankrupt act in that state, only 14 were farmers. In New York, 2,350 took the benefit of the act, and only 46 were farmers. The profits of agriculture may be slow, but they are sure.

E A woman was stung to death by bees, at Unity, Columbian county, Ohio, on the 8th instant. Her children had tormented the bees with a stick, and they flew at the lady in such numbers and stung her so fiercely that she lived only fifteen minutes.

E Put to a USEFUL PURPOSE.—A Detroit paper says that in one of the gardens in that city a large crinoline may be seen, suspended by a pole running through the centre, forming a circular trellis, around which cypress vines and morning glories are climbing upward. Being pyramidal in form, it looks like a well hooped green velvet dress, embroidered with flower work. We presume some old bachelor lives where that garden is located.

SUMMER STUDIES.

BY MARGARET BREWER STOWE.

Why should there stay in the mouth of June
The dusty books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the great Teacher of all glorious things
Puts in beauty light before thy door?

There is a brighter book awaiting now;
For see its leaves are in the tree of Heaven,
All vined, and dived, and gilded with sun-
beam light;

To which a healing up-to-power is given.

Now is that glorious reservation time,
When all earth's bounden beauties have now
Milk;

Behold the yearly miracle complete,

God hath created a new heaven and earth!

No tree that wears its joyful garments now,
No flower but bears its beauty to bear;
God bids thee to his marriage feast of joy,
Let thy soul put the wedding garment on.

All studded with fetal gold the burbury stands,
The ferns, entwined, clip their new made
wings,
The honeysuckle broideries of fresh green,
And thousand bells of pearl the blueberry rings.

Hast thou no time for all this wondrous show—
No thought to spare? Wilt thou forever be
With thy last year's dry leaves—stale and dead
leaves,
And no new shoot or blossom on thy tree?

See how the pines push off their last year's
leaves,
And stretch beyond them with exultant
boughs;
The grass and flowers with living power o'er
grow
Their last year's remnants on the greenning
ground.

Wilt thou, then, all thy water feeling keep,
The old dead routine of thy book writ lone;
Nor deem that God can teach, by one bright
hour,
What life hath never taught to thee before?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
Lie in the bending dome of the blue sky;
Ah, breathe that life-born bower on thy
breath;
And know once more a child's unreasoning
joy.

Cease, cease to think, and be content to be—
Swing safe at anchor, in fair nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
Let God's sweet teachings ripples their soft
way.

Sear with the bird, and flutter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play;
Ball with the cloud; wave with the dreamy
pine.

And float with nature all the live-long day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of life;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power:
It treasures from the brooding of God's wings
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

So shall it be with thee, if restful still
Thou rightly studiest the summer hours;
Like a deep fountain which a brook doth fill,
Thy mind in seeming rest doth gather power.

And when the summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracles no longer charm thy sight,
The treasured riches of these thoughtful hours
Shall make thy wintry musing warm and
bright.

—Independent.

THE TWO LEGACIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Shall you do this thing, Marion?"

"I shall do it, Laura."

The difference betwixt the two voices was
as great as was that betwixt the characters
of the interrogator and responder.

The first voice was a little raised, amaze-
ment and something else pendulous betwixt
disapproval and indignation.

The other was calm, self-posed, firm. The
tones left no doubt behind them. Whatso-
ever was the thing this speaker said she
would do, that she would, unflinchingly, ab-
solutely.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it, Ma-
rion. You will do the most foolish thing of
your life, and one you will most certainly
live to regret. Every sensible person in the
world must admit that."

"I can only of course speak for myself,
Laura. I have acted in this matter in ac-
cordance with my honest and dearest convic-
tions of what was right. I have done my
duty so far as I could see it. It has of course
cost me a struggle, but that was no reason
that I should not make the sacrifice if it
was right."

"It was right. I cannot see it in the
light you do."

"And I cannot see it in any other. You
know, Laura, that our Uncle Gerald had no
right to this land, however the law might
serve it to him. He has the right of the dead
to decide judgment; but, alas! the truth
about moving against him; this money which
he left in his will was obtained by fraud
and wrong, and if he had dealt fairly and
honestly with those who trusted his fortunes
in his hands we should never have
envied the property he had in his
will. And I do not want the wages of

injustice. They would burn in my thoughts—
they would rest in my soul. Ever since I
have known the truth the thought of that
five thousand dollars has lain like a dead
weight upon me; I feel that I had no right
to retain it—that in doing so I was robbing
the widow and the fatherless."

"Marion!"

"That is the truth, Laura. You know
Uncle Gerald did not get this land honestly
of Edward Nicholls, that he took advantage
of his circumstances and illness to wrest it
from him, and though he managed to keep
the law on his side, the deed was one of
shameful wrong."

"Perhaps so, but then we are not respon-
sible for Uncle Gerald's doings. Whoever
had heard of heirs refusing to accept their right-
ful property because the owners thereof
hadn't always obtained it in most righteous
fashion? I fancy if everybody was to set to
work to explore their inheritances after your
code, there'd be precious little comfort in
owning any property. Your plan's utopian,
Marion—common sense contradicts it."

"Right and justice do not, Laura, and, as
I said, I have made up my mind."

"And you will give up the whole?"

"The whole."

"And that month at Saratoga—that jour-
ney to the White Mountains, and that tour
among the lakes?" persisted Laura Jennings.

The sweet face of Marion Lynch certainly
fell into a shadow of regret, but that did not
prevent her from answering.

"Yes. I must give up those and somewhat
more, the little nest of a gray gothic cottage
I had intended to build just beyond the
grove of cedars for mother and Harry and
me. That was the fairest vision in the per-
spective of my future."

"You are a foolish girl, oh, Marion."

"Well," with a little faint smile touched
with sweetness, "I have sought to know
the truth, and to do it."

"For my part, I shall not sacrifice myself
to any such squabbles notions of right. As
I understand it, this land is mine, bequeathed
to me by my uncle's will, whose property it
was according to law, no matter how he got it.
So it's my right, and I'm going to keep it,
and have some nice times out of it, too,"

playing with the ivory handle of her par-
sol. "And won't you envy me this summer
when you think of the delightful life I am
leading at Newport and Saratoga, in Cana-
da and on the lakes?"

"I probably shall," said Marion Lynch.

The conversation transpired in the parlor of
a large, pleasant old-fashioned homestead in
a village somewhere in the heart of Massa-
chusetts.

It was late in May, and the windows were
opened, and the rose briars were ruffed with
leaves and strung thick with buds that were
prophesies of bloom.

The birds filled the air with the joy of
their singing, the sunshine poured its golden
tides through the large, old-fashioned parlor,
which gathered up two-thirds of a century
in its silent memories.

These girls of whom I write did not vary
six months in their ages—both were a little
beyond their twentys; both, although not
beautiful, had fair and interesting faces; both
were fatherless, the daughters of widows,
whose very limited means demanded the strictest
economy in all household and personal
expenditures; the social position of both
the young ladies was the best which the
sleepy old country town afforded, and at
considerable sacrifice the mothers of both
had given their daughters the best of edu-
cations.

But the quality of the two girls differed
absolutely. Laura Jennings was a bright,
sparkling, intelligent, socially attractive
girl, but indolence and self-indulgence lay
at the roots of her life. No heroic impulse
ever thrilled her into lofty aim or purpose;
no high affections ever inspired, no sacrifices
ever consecrated her life. It was
wholly of the earth, earthy; yet writing
these words they seem severe and harsh, of
one who was usually so pleasant and agree-
able a companion, who had no glaring faults
of temper or character, and who was, as I
said, a general favorite with those who
knew her. There she sat on the old-
fashioned sofa in the blossoming of her
years, with the pretty straw hat shading
the fair face, with its bloom of lip and cheeks,
with the brightness in its eyes and hair,
little suspecting the real depth and meaning
of the sentiments she was speaking, or how
they were their own true witness. A little
way from her by the window sat the cousin,
and hostess, with her sweet, delicate face,
about which lay the dark, shining hair, the
blue eyes full of bright and tender meanings,
and the lips sometimes set in lines of earnest
thought, sometimes sweet and tremulous as
a little child's.

To both of these girls' lives came not long
ago a great surprise. Their mother's brother,
a childless widower, died somewhat
suddenly, and left each of his nieces some
building lots, which had lately come into his
possession. The land was valued at ten
thousand dollars, and half of this seemed a
large fortune to each of the girls.

The imaginations of both did flame and
flame about their unexpected legacies;
what visions of new scenes and enjoyments,
of new life and experience rose along the
golden perspective of their future!

But Marion's dreams were not all for her-
self. The little cottage lifted itself like a
small gray nest by the grave of dark green
cedars; for the homestead where her mother

had first seen the light was growing old,
and was now too large for the small family
it sheltered, and so Marion had resolved to
gather them all into a little home cottage.

But one day, no master how, unless it be
the facts did not admit of a shadow of doubt,
the cousins learned that their uncle had not
obtained this land which he had bequeathed
them, fairly, honestly.

It is true that he had a legal claim to it,
for he was a shrewd, hard, grasping man
whose soul was rusted with the love of
gain, and he would be certain never to
claim anything to which the letter of the
law did not entitle him; but the man had
gotten possession of this land by taking un-
fair advantage of another who had believed
in him, trusted him, and was in his power.
As this man had died insolvent a year
afterward, leaving his broken-hearted wife,
with her boy and baby girl, helpless, pen-
itent, desolate, and he had affirmed on his
deathbed to the friend who disclosed this
fact to the nieces of Gerald Douglass, that his
financial ruin would never have been con-
summated had not the old man taken cruel
advantage of his necessities.

"Is it true—is it true, Mary?"

The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"At that moment there was a knock at the
door, and a domestic entered with a letter
for Mrs. Nicholls.

The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

tearful, with their hapless mother, on the
world. It seems to me that our ancestors paid
any up to God against that land, and cry
down into his grave a curse." Poor women!
in her anguish she did not know what she
was saying.

At that moment there was a knock at the
door, and a domestic entered with a letter
for Mrs. Nicholls.

The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"Is it true—is it true, Mary?"

The letter was brief and business-like,
from one of the executors of Gerald Doug-
lass's will, stating that his niece

HYMN
For the 175th Anniversary of American Independence.

Lord, the people of the land
In Thy presence humbly stand;
On this day, when Thou didst free
Men of old from tyranny,
We, their children, bow to Thee.
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

II.

All our homes are red with blood;
Long our grief we have withheld;
Every house, each door-post,
Drips, at tidings from the host;
With the blood of some one lost.
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

III.

Comfort, Lord, the grieving one
Who bewails a stricken son!
Comfort, Lord, the weeping wife,
In her long, long widow'd life.
Brooding o'er the fatal strife!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

IV.

On our Nation's day of birth,
Bless Thy own long-favored earth!
Urge the soldiers with Thy will!
Aid their leaders with Thy skill!
Let them hear Thy trumpet thrill!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

V.

Lord, we only fight for peace,
Fight that freedom may increase.
Give us back the peace of old,
When the land with plenty roll'd,
And our banner avowed the bold!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

VI.

Last we pray in thoughtless guilt,
Shape the future as Thou wilt!
Purge our realm from hoary crime
With thy battle, dread, sublime,
Thy well-appointed might!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

VII.

With one heart the Nation's cries
From our choral lips arise;
Thou didst point a noble way
For our Fathers through the fray;
Lead their children thus to-day!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

VIII.

In His name, who bravely bore
Cross and crown beguimmed with gore;
By His last immortal groan,
Ere He mounted to His throne,
Make our sacred cause Thy own!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

GE. H. BOKER.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD,"
"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

KEEPING WATCH.

Two pair of jealous eyes kept constant watch upon Eleanor Monckton, for some time after that October afternoon on which the lawyer and Miss Mason had stood side by side, looking at the two figures by the lamp.

Gilbert Monckton was too proud to complain. He laid down the fair hopes of his manhood in the grave that already held the broken dreams of his youth. He bowed his head, and resigned himself to his fate.

"I was mistaken," he thought; "it was too preposterous to suppose that at forty I could win the love of a girl of eighteen. My wife is good and true, but—"

But what? Could this girl be good and true? Had she not deceived her lover most cruelly, most deliberately, in her declaration of utter indifference towards Launcelot Darrell?

Mr. Monckton remembered her very words, her sudden look of astonishment, as he asked the important question—

"And you do not love Launcelot Darrell?"

"Love him! oh, no, no, no!"

And in spite of this emphatic denial, Mr. Monckton had, ever since her arrival at Tollidale Priory, betrayed an intense, an almost feverish interest in the young scape-grace artist.

"If she is capable of falsehood," thought the lawyer, "there must surely be no truth upon this earth. Shall I trust her, and wait patiently for the solution of the mystery? No; between man and wife there should be no mystery! She has no right to keep any secret from me."

So Mr. Monckton hardened his heart against his beautiful young wife, and set himself sternly and indefatigably to watch her every look, to listen to every intonation of her voice, to keep a rigorous guard over his own honor and dignity.

Poor Eleanor was too innocent to read all

these signs right; she only thought that her husband was changed; that this cool, and gloomy companion, was not the same Gilbert Monckton whom she had known at Hazlewood; not the patient "guide, philosopher, and friend," whom seduced her voice, eloquent in the dusky evenings, long ago—a year is very long to a girl of eighteen—in Mrs. Darrell's simple drawing-room, had seemed a kind of intellectual music to her.

Had she not been soothed always by that one thought, whose intensity had reduced the compass of her mind to a monotonous, the young wife would have very bitterly felt this change in her husband. As it was, she looked upon her disappointment as something very far away from her; something to be considered and regretted by-and-by; by-and-by, when the grand business of her life was done.

But while the gulf between the young wife and her husband every day grew wider, this grand business made no progress. Day after day, week after week, passed by, and Eleanor Monckton found herself no nearer the end.

She had paid several visits to Hazlewood; she had noted her part to the best of her abilities, which were very mediocre in all matters where deception is necessary; she had watched and questioned Launcelot Darrell; but she had obtained no vestige of proof which she might set before Maurice de Crespigny when she denounced his niece's son.

No; whatever secrets were hidden in the young man's breast, he was so guarded as to baffle Eleanor Monckton at every point. He was so thoroughly self-possessed as to avoid betraying himself by so much as a look or a tone.

He was, however, thrown a good deal in Eleanor's society; for Mr. Monckton, with a strange persistence, encouraged the penniless artist's attention to Laura Mason; while Launcelot Darrell, too shallow to hold long to any infatuation, influenced upon one side by his mother, and flattered upon the other by Laura's unconscious admiration, was content, by-and-by, to lay down his allegiance at this new shrine, and to forgive Mrs. Monckton for her desertion.

"Eleanor and my mother were both right, I dare say," the young man reflected, contemplating his fate with a feeling of despondent languor. "They were wiser than me, I dare say. I ought to marry a rich woman. I could never drag out an existence of poverty. Bachelor poverty is bad enough, but, at least, there's something artistic and Bohemian about that. Chambertin one day, and *vin ordinaire* the next; *Veuve Cliquot* at the *Trois Frères* or the *Café de Paris* to-night, and small beer in a garret to-morrow morning. But married poverty, squalid desolation, instead of reckless gaiety; a sick wife and lean, hungry children, and the husband carrying wet canvases to the pawn-broker! Bah! Eleanor was right; she has done a good thing for herself; and I'd better go in and win the heiress, and make myself secure against any caprice of my worthy great-uncle."

It was thus that Launcelot Darrell became a frequent visitor at Tollidale Priory, and, as, at about this time, Mr. Monckton's business became so unimportant as to be easily flung entirely into the hands of the two junior partners, the lawyer was almost always at home to receive his guest.

Nothing could have been more antagonistic than the characters of the two men. There was no possibility of sympathy or assimilation between them. The weakness of one was rendered more evident by the strength of the other. The decided character of the lawyer seemed harsh and rigid when contrasted with the easy-going, languid good-nature of the artist.

Eleanor Monckton, perceiving this wide difference between the two men, admired her husband as much as she despised Launcelot Darrell.

If the lawyer could have known this—if he could have known that when his wife's earnest eyes followed every change of expression in the young man's face, when she listened most intently to his carelessness and rambling, yet sometimes almost brilliant talk, she read his shallow nature and its worthlessness better than that nature had ever yet been read by the closest observer,—if Gilbert Monckton could have understood these things, what wasted agonies, what futile tortures, might have been spared him!

"What would have become of me if I had loved this man!" Eleanor thought, as day by day, with an intellect rendered preternaturally clear by the intensity of her one desire, she grew more familiar with Launcelot Darrell's character.

In the meanwhile, Laura Mason walked along a pathway of roses, whose only thorns were those jealous twinges which the young lady experienced on account of Eleanor Monckton.

"If she is capable of falsehood," thought the lawyer, "there must surely be no truth upon this earth. Shall I trust her, and wait patiently for the solution of the mystery? No; between man and wife there should be no mystery! She has no right to keep any secret from me."

So Mr. Monckton hardened his heart against his beautiful young wife, and set himself sternly and indefatigably to watch her every look, to listen to every intonation of her voice, to keep a rigorous guard over his own honor and dignity.

Poor Eleanor was too innocent to read all

these signs right; she only thought that Miss Mason was in the habit of excusing her lover's delinquency. Eleanor had led him on; and he was thereby in a manner justified for that brief infatuation which had beguiled him from poor Laura. In what this "leading on" had consisted, the young lady did not seek to understand. She wanted to forgive her lover, and she wanted reasons for her forgiveness; as weak women do when they deliver themselves up to the bondage of a sentimental affection for a handsome face. But although Launcelot Darrell had made his peace with Mr. Monckton's ward, wooing her with a great many tender words and pretty stereotyped phrases under the gloomy shadow of the yew trees in the old-fashioned priory garden, and although he had formally demanded her hand, and had been accepted by her guardian and herself, Laura was not quite satisfied. Some lingering sentiment of distrust still held its place in her breast, and the jealous twinges, which, as I have said, constituted the thorns upon her rose-bestrewed pathway, were very sharp and numerous.

For was Mr. Monckton wholly free from anxiety on his ward's account? He had consented to her engagement with Launcelot Darrell. He had done even more; he had encouraged the young man's suit, and now that it was too late to undo his work, he began to argue with himself as to the wisdom of his conduct.

He tried to palter with his conscience; but he could not disengage himself from the leading motive which had induced him to consent to his ward's engagement. His desire to remove Launcelot Darrell out of the society of his wife. He could not be so blind to his own weakness as to be unaware of the secret pleasure he felt in being able to demonstrate to Eleanor the worthlessness of an affection which could be so easily transferred from one object to another.

Apart from this, Gilbert Monckton tried to believe that he had taken the best course within his power of choice, for the frivolous girl whom it was his duty to protect. To have opposed Laura's attachment would have been to cause her great unhappiness. The young man was clever and agreeable. He was the descendant of a race which was almost noble by right of its origin. His character would grow stronger with time, and it would be the guardian's duty to foster all that was good in the nature of his ward's husband; and to put him in a fair way of occupying an honorable position.

"I will try and develop his talent—his genius, perhaps," Gilbert Monckton thought; "he shall go to Italy, and study the old masters."

So it was settled that the marriage should take place early in the spring, and that Launcelot and his wife should start immediately afterwards upon a tour through the great art cities of the continent. It was arranged that they should remain away for at last a twelvemonth, and that they should spend the winter in Rome.

Eleanor Monckton grew deathly pale when her husband announced to her the probable date of the marriage.

"So soon!" she said, in a low, half-stifled voice. "So soon! why December has already begun—the spring will be here directly."

Gilbert Monckton watched her face with thoughtful frown.

"What is there to wait for?" he said.

Eleanor was silent for a few moments. What could she say? Could she suffer this engagement to continue? Could she allow Launcelot Darrell to hold his place among these people who so ignorantly trusted in him? She would have spoken, perhaps, and confided at least some part of her secret to her husband, but she refrained from doing so; for might not he too laugh at her, as Richard Thornton had done. Might not he, who had grown lately cold and reserved in his manner towards her, sometimes even sarcastic and severe—might he not sternly reprobate her mad desire for vengeance, and in some manner or other frustrate the great purpose of her life?

She had trusted Richard Thornton, and had implored his help. No good had ever come of that confidence; nothing but remonstrances, reproaches, entreaties; even ridicule. Why, then, should she trust anyone else? No, she was resolved henceforward to hold her secret in her own keeping, and to look to herself alone for victory.

"Why should the marriage be delayed?" Mr. Monckton demanded, rather sharply, for the second time, "is there any reason for delay?"

"No," Eleanor faltered, "not if you think Mr. Darrell worthy of Laura's confidence; not if you think him a good man!"

"Have you any reason to think otherwise of him?"

Mrs. Monckton evaded a direct answer to this question.

"It was you who first taught me to doubt him," she said.

"Indeed!" answered her husband, "I had quite forgotten that. I wonder, Eleanor, that you should appear so much interested in this young man, since you have no such opinion of him."

Mr. Monckton left the room after launching this dart at the breast which he believed was guilty of hiding from him a secret regard for another.

"God help her poor child!" thought the lawyer, "she married me for my position; and—perhaps thought that it would be an easy thing to conquer some slight sentimental predilection for Launcelot Darrell. She tries to do her duty, I believe; and when this young man is safely out of the way she may learn to love me, perhaps."

Such reflections as these were generally followed by a change in the lawyer's manner, and Eleanor's failing spirits revived in the warmth of his affection. George Vane's daughter had already learned to love her husband. No difficult task lay before her; there was no sentiment of repulsion or dislike to overcome. She had respected and admired Gilbert Monckton from the hour of her meeting with him at the Great Western Terminus; and she was ready to love him truly and cordially whenever she could succeed in her great purpose, and disengage her mind from its one absorbing idea.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN OLD MAN'S FANCY.

Although Eleanor Monckton's illness watchfulness revealed to her nothing that could be twisted into a proof of Launcelot Darrell's identity with the man who had been the indirect cause of her father's death, she made some progress in another quarter, very much to the annoyance of several people, among whom must be included the young painter.

Maurice de Crespigny, who for some years past had not been known to take an interest in anything, exhibited a very great interest in Gilbert Monckton's young wife.

The old man had never forgotten the day upon which he had been suddenly carried back to the past, by the appearance of a fair-haired girl who seemed to him the living image of his lost friend. He had never forgotten this; and, when, a few days after Eleanor's arrival at Tollidale, he happened to encounter her in one of his airings, he had insisted on stopping to talk to her, much to the aggravation of his two maiden wardens.

Eleanor caught eagerly at any chance of becoming familiar with her father's friend. It was to him she looked for the delight of talking to a listener who was really interested. He was accustomed to the polite attention of his nieces, whose suppressed yawns sometimes broke in unpleasantly at the very climax of a story, and whose wooden-faced stolidity had at best something unpleasantly suggestive of being listened to and stared at by two Dutch clocks. But he was not accustomed to see a beautiful and earnest face turned towards him as he spoke; a pair of bright gray eyes lighting up with new radiance at every crisis in the narrative; and lovely lips half parted through intensity of interest.

These things the old man was not accustomed to, and he became entirely Eleanor's slave and admirer. Indeed, the elderly damsels congratulated themselves upon Miss Vincent's marriage with Gilbert Monckton; otherwise, Maurice de Crespigny being betrothed and infatuated, and the young woman mercenary, there might have been a new mistress brought home to Woodlands instead of to Tollidale Priory.

Happily for Eleanor, the anxious minds of the maiden sisters were set in some degree at rest by a few words which Maurice de Crespigny let drop in a conversation with Mrs. Monckton. Among the treasures possessed by the old man—the relics of a past life, whose chief value lay in association—there was one object that was peculiarly precious to Eleanor. This was a miniature portrait of George Vane, in the cap and gown which he had worn sixty years before, at Magdalen College, Oxford.

This picture was very dear to Eleanor Monckton. It was no very wonderful work of art, perhaps, but a laborious and patient performance, whose production had cost more time and money than the photographic representations of half the members of the Lower House would cost to day. It showed Eleanor a fair-haired stripling with bright hopeful blue eyes. It was the shadow of her dead father's youth.

Her eyes filled with tears as she looked at the little ivory portrait in its oval case of silvery red morocco.

"Crocodile!" thought one of the maiden sisters.

"Sycophant!" muttered the other.

But this very miniature gave rise to that speech which had so much effect in calming the terrors of the two ladies.

"Yes, my dear," Maurice de Crespigny said; "that portrait was painted sixty years ago. George Vane would have been close upon eighty if he had lived. Yes, close upon eighty, my love. You don't see your own likeness to that picture, perhaps; people seldom do see resemblances of that kind. But the lad's face is like yours, my dear, and you bring back the memory of my youth, just as the scent of some old-fashioned flower, that our advanced horticulture has banished to a cottager's garden, brings back the grass-pot upon which I played at my mother's knees. Do you know what I mean to do, Mrs. Monckton?"

Eleanor lifted her eyebrows with an arch smile, as who should say, "Your caprices are quite beyond my power of divination."

"I mean to leave that miniature to you in my Will, my dear."

The maiden sisters started simultaneously, agitated by the same emotion, and their eyes met.

The old man had made a Will, then. That was something. They had heard of the operation, that she would die without a Will, and that Launcelot Darrell would inherit the estate.

"Yes, my dear," Maurice de Crespigny reported, "I shall leave that miniature to you when I die. It's not worth anything intrinsically; but I don't want you to be minded of me, when I'm gone. You've been instrumental in saving George Vane—yes, with Mr. Monckton. I'm not going to make you think there's any great mystery about it."

"I am very glad to hear that," said George Vane, with a smile.

"I have a duty to perform, my duty which I consider sacred and imperative; and I shall fulfill that duty."

The old man had never before spoken so freely of his intentions with regard to his money. The sisters sat staring blankly at each other, with quivering hearts and pale faces.

What could this speech mean? Why, clearly that the money must be left to them.

What other duty could Maurice de Crespigny owe to any one? Had they not kept guard over him for years, shutting him in, and separating him from every living creature? What right had he to be grateful to any one but them, inasmuch as they had taken good care that no one else should ever do him a service?

But to the eye of Eleanor Monckton, the old man's speech had another significance; the blood mounted to her face, and her heart beat violently. "He is thinking of Launcelot Darrell," she thought; "he will leave his fortune to Launcelot Darrell. He will die before he learns the secret of my father's wrongs. His Will is already made, no doubt, and he will die before I can dare to say to him, 'Your niece's son is

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT
WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1807 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

TO AUXILIARY SOCIETIES.

When the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission was organized, only a few months since, how little did any of us realize that the battle field was to be changed from Virginia to Pennsylvania! How little did we dream that war, with all its horrors, could visit us so near than it had already done—that our towns were to be plundered or shelled!—our farm-houses burned!—our forests levelled, and our beautiful valleys laid waste! We worked steadily and faithfully in our appointed task of awakening interest in the Sanitary Commission throughout the state, that in this great, efficient channel, might be concentrated a large part of the supplies which we thought were to be sent to distant hospitals and far-away battle-fields. The tide which set towards the Potomac has turned, and flowing back to the Susquehanna come the stores which you so generously sent us in answer to the appeals which we made to you. Our husbands, our brothers, and our sons, are now to be ministered to, with the very delicacies and comforts which you were unconsciously providing for them.

Your letters bespeak your affection for and confidence in this Commission; and it is not misplaced. Not one day too soon for this emergency was this Branch organized; for through it, you have learned to trust the wise and impartial distribution of the Sanitary Commission, only just in time to feel assured that its great arm will extend around your most cherished ones.

From PITTSBURG, we have a letter speaking so tenderly of "our dear Commission," that if we had it by us, we should be tempted to make an extract. Others speak of dear ones, who have gone, or are going, fully alive to "the duties and responsibilities of the hour;" and trusting to the Commission to relieve the suffering which they know must come in "this terrible exigency." These watchers at home, have our sympathy and our prayers. We know their anxiety by like experience. But we will not idle lament and mourn the trouble that has visited us. We will prove by our redoubled exertions that the women of Pennsylvanians are as ready to do "their part in this great struggle," as are their husbands, sons and brothers. Let us emulate the example recorded in a letter from one of our Associate Managers—"a noble mother, after burying her darling son, lost in defense of our liberties from wounds received in battle, returned in an agony of grief to her home to work energetically for our suffering soldiers, in remembrance of the kindness bestowed upon her son."

A PLEASANT EXAMPLE OF WHAT THE SANITARY COMMISSION IS DAILY DOING.

PITTSBURG, July 6, 1863.—The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1807 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:

Pickles, from Aid Society, Wellboro, Tioga.
Dried Fruit, Mrs. Slaymaker.
1 package, Mrs. Hallowell.
1 box, Danville Ladies' Aid, Montrose co.
1 package, a Friend.
1 package, Mrs. Coleman.
1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Miss Blackman.
1 box, Mrs. J. Preston and ladies of Dorchester and Milton Lower Mill.
1 package, Mrs. J. W. Biddle.
1 package, Mrs. C. Gilpin.
1 package, C. M. B.
1 package, Holy Trinity Church.
1 large box, 1 barrel, Soldiers' Relief Association, Tioga and Mill Creek, Mrs. S. M. Guernsey, Sec'y.
1 large box, 1 barrel, Williamsport, Lycoming county, Lucy E. Snyder.
Needle cases, St. Mark's Lutheran Church, through Miss E. W. Mayer.
2 packages, Christ Church Soldiers' Aid, F. C. Godley.
1 package, Mrs. Kiehl.
1 box, Central Aid Society, Chester county, Mrs. Heister.
1 box, Whitpain Ladies' Aid Society, Gwynedd, Montgomery county, S. A. Conrad, Sec'y.
1 package, Miss Meigs.
Syrups, a lady.
1 box, Sunbury Sanitary Aid Society.
1 box, Lockhaven.
2 boxes, Chesham Valley Aid.
3 boxes, etc., Hebrew Women's Aid Society.
1 box, 9 boxes, Attleborough, Bucks county.
1 box, Norristown.
1 package, Wrightstown Aid Society, E. Sackett.
1 box, Montrose.
1 package, from W. Socks, Mrs. Calhoun.

A FIGHTING FRIEND.—Capt. Nicholas Halleck Mann, of Ulster county, N. Y., is a Quaker, over six feet high, and "in for the war." He commanded a squadron of cavalry at the Alton fight. When the Federal force was overborne by superior numbers, and left Gen. Kilpatrick in the hands of the enemy, Capt. Mann rallied, with noble words, his flying troopers, placed himself at their head, and far in advance, dashed through and over and down the rebel ranks, his sabre flashing to the right and left, until the general was released, and the gallant captain lay bleeding and helpless by the side of his dead horse, within the rebel lines. By a miracle he escaped death, and is now in the Emory Hospital, counting the days that must elapse before he is again in the saddle. Two cousins of the same persuasion are in the same troop.

The lady to whom this account was given feared that it was a case which she could not aid, and told him that he had better return to Washington and get his furlough renewed. His countenance fell and tears burst from

his eyes. If he returned to Washington, he said, he feared that in the press of business he should be detained, or perhaps not get his furlough renewed, and he should never see his mother again. Touched by the feeling he exhibited, the lady proceeded immediately to the office of the gentlemen of the commission and stated the case. A telegram was promptly despatched to Washington to ascertain the truth of the facts stated by the applicant. The answer confirmed all that he had said, and directed a new furlough to be issued by the Adjutant General here. The gentlemen furnished him with ample means to return home, and the ladies supplied him with clothing and comforts. He left the rooms happy, with grateful thanks and glistening eyes, saying that as soon as he was well again he should hasten back to give a helping hand to the good cause.

The Sanitary Commission have undertaken to procure in this market a daily supply of fresh meat and vegetables for the use of the Military Hospitals at Washington. These hospitals are twenty-two in number, and these supplies are paid for by the "Hospital fund," derived from the excess of the money value of the regular ration beyond that of the portion actually consumed by the soldier. In this way a more suitable diet is afforded to the sick, and the articles procured here are of much better quality and far cheaper than can be had at Washington. To give some idea of the magnitude of this operation we give a statement of the quantity of provisions to be sent daily to Washington for this purpose:

900 pounds mutton and poultry.
1,000 pounds butter.
400 dozen eggs.
500 bushels of potatoes.
500 gallons of milk.
24 tons of garden vegetables.

These articles will be shipped in the cars of the "Atlantic Express Co.," which are moving ice-houses, leaving here every day at 3 P. M., and arriving in Washington early next morning. The whole will be in charge of the agents of the Sanitary Commission. The Commission advances the money for this most laudable undertaking with the understanding that its outlay is to be reimbursed monthly from the "Hospital fund."

For the benefit of contributors to the Sanitary Commission throughout the state it is proper to say that the demands of the present week exhaust our supplies, and that we shall be glad to receive contributions of every kind. It will readily be believed that the wounded of the battle of Gettysburg need all and more than we can send them.

We must minister to the wants of friends and foes; the enemy have left many hundreds of their wounded on our hands, and we must not let them suffer. Work with all your might. Clothing of every description is needed—Arrow Root, Racahout, Gelatin, and Corn Starch in great demand.

DONATIONS.

PITTSBURG, July 6, 1863.—The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1807 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:

Pickles, from Aid Society, Wellboro, Tioga.
Dried Fruit, Mrs. Slaymaker.
1 package, Mrs. Hallowell.
1 box, Danville Ladies' Aid, Montrose co.
1 package, a Friend.
1 package, Mrs. Coleman.
1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Miss Blackman.
1 box, Mrs. J. Preston and ladies of Dorchester and Milton Lower Mill.
1 package, Mrs. J. W. Biddle.
1 package, Mrs. C. Gilpin.
1 package, C. M. B.
1 package, Holy Trinity Church.
1 large box, 1 barrel, Soldiers' Relief Association, Tioga and Mill Creek, Mrs. S. M. Guernsey, Sec'y.
1 large box, 1 barrel, Williamsport, Lycoming county, Lucy E. Snyder.
Needle cases, St. Mark's Lutheran Church, through Miss E. W. Mayer.
2 packages, Christ Church Soldiers' Aid, F. C. Godley.
1 package, Mrs. Kiehl.
1 box, Central Aid Society, Chester county, Mrs. Heister.
1 box, Whitpain Ladies' Aid Society, Gwynedd, Montgomery county, S. A. Conrad, Sec'y.
1 package, Miss Meigs.
Syrups, a lady.
1 box, Sunbury Sanitary Aid Society.
1 box, Lockhaven.
2 boxes, Chesham Valley Aid.
3 boxes, etc., Hebrew Women's Aid Society.
1 box, 9 boxes, Attleborough, Bucks county.
1 box, Norristown.
1 package, Wrightstown Aid Society, E. Sackett.
1 box, Montrose.
1 package, from W. Socks, Mrs. Calhoun.

LIN The coat of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of a tailor.

COL. GATES OF THE U. S. ARMY says that during his campaign in Mexico he would rather retire to his couch without his sword than a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It was the only medicine he used through the Mexican campaign. Gen. J. Hobart Ward, of the Army of the Potomac, first became acquainted with "the virtues in Mexico, and always keeps it in his saddle. In cases of diarrhea, dysentery, pain in the bowels, head, stomach, or in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, or worms, east, bronchitis, or sore throat, influenza, headache, Radway's Ready Relief cures immediately. Let none who value health and safety be without it.

"Sold by Druggists."

TO ARMY BUTLERS.

LIN One most improved addition to our stock in trade is RADWAY'S PALM KELLY. It is known and appreciated by men in all ranks in life, and it will be more appreciated by the volunteer, who is exposed to disease of all kinds. It will cure his sore throat, his colds, his scratches or bruises, his diarrhea, his cough, and will be serviceable in time of suffering and pain. Keep a supply. Mr. "Stutter," and the soldier will bless you. It is sold by all Wholesale Druggists.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been unsettled and dull, and bakers generally have reduced their quotations fully \$2 per barrel, from \$4.50 to \$4.00 for superfine, the latter for round hoop Ohio, and \$4.75 to \$4.50 for extra family. Rye flour is arriving and selling in small way at \$4.75 per barrel. Corn meal is scarce, but the demand is limited at \$4.00 for Peasant meal, and \$4.25 for the best.

GRAIN—There is not much wheat offering, and prices \$4.50; lower grades reach only about \$3.50 per bushel, mostly Western and Prairie wheats in store and about \$1.45 to \$1.50, stoicks at \$1.45 to \$1.47, the latter for prime lots; white ranges at \$1.50 to \$1.60, as to quality. Rye is quiet and rather lower. Peninsulars arriving and selling slowly at \$1.00 to \$1.05. Corn is unchanged, with sales of 15,000 bushels at \$7.75 for prime yellow, and \$1.00 each for Western mixed. Oats are firm, and about 30,000 bushels found buyers at \$7.75 to \$8. weight. Barley and Malt continue neglected, and prices nearly nominal.

PROVISIONS—The demand for barrelled meats continues limited, and the market dull at \$10.12 1/2c for old, \$10.12 1/2c for new meat, Pork, and \$12.15 for western and city packed meats. Beef. Beef ham are held above the views of buyers. Bacon is \$11.12 1/2c for a good ham, and \$11.12 1/2c for a good bacon ham, and \$6.00 for shoulder. Sides are quoted at \$1.45 to \$1.50. Of Green Meats the sales are limited, and the stock very much reduced. Hams have been sold at 75c to 85c in salt, and \$2.00 in pickle. Salted shoulders are worth \$2.50c. Lard continues steady at 10c to 10 1/2c for hogs and tapers, and 11c to 11 1/2c for kegs. Butter moves off as wanted at 18c to 20c, as in quality. Cheese is firm at 11c to 12c per lb. and Eggs are selling at 18c to 20c.

COTTON—The market is unsettled, and prices have declined \$0.50 to \$0.75. Sales are confined to a few small lots, taken within the range of \$7.00 to \$8.00, cash, for ordinary to middling and good middling quality, closing dull and somewhat nominal at \$6.00 to \$6.50.

ASHES—Both kinds are quiet, and prices about the same.

BARK comes in slowly, but the demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and lot No. 1 is offered at \$3.50 per ton, and dull. Of Tanners' Bark prices range at \$13.12 1/2c for Chestnut, and \$17.62 for Willow.

BEESWAX—There is little or none offering or selling, and we quote yellow at 18c to 20c.

COAL—The market continues at a stand still, and prices are unsettled and irregular.

COFFEE—Prices are unsettled and lower, with a few small sales, mostly Rio, to note at 20c to 22c, cash and time.

COPPER—There is little or nothing doing, and the market is unchanged.

FEATHERS—The stock is light and the demand limited at 47c to 48c for good western.

FRUIT—Nothing doing to alter quotations, which are nominally unchanged. Berries are arriving and selling freely.

HAMS—There is little or nothing doing, and sales at \$1.00 to \$1.10.

HEMPE—There is very little stock here, and we hear of no change in the market.

HOGS—Dull, and the sales limited at 10c to 12c per lb. the latter for 1st sort Western.

IRON—There is little or nothing doing in Pig Metal, and prices are nominally unchanged. In manufacture we hear of no change, except in Rails.

LEAD—Galena is nominal at \$8.00 the 100 lbs.

LUMBER—Unchanged; Yellow Sap Boards have been sold at \$20 per M.

MOLASSES—Is dull and unsettled.

PLASTER—Is dull. The last sale of soft was at 42c per ton.

RICE—The market continues quiet, and prices steady.

SEEDS—Are not offered and dull, with but little of any kind offering or selling.

SHEEP—Are offered at \$10.12 1/2c to \$11.12 1/2c per lb. cash and Flaxseed at \$2.50 to \$3.00 per lb.

SPICES—Which contain the New Rules for Amputations, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation.

Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist, 1609 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Post Office of H. DEXTER, 112 Nassau St., N. Y.
EDWARD TOWER, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 106 Franklin Street, New York.
JOHN V. MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburgh.
GEORGE LEWIS, 80 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 29 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
MCNAULY & CO., Chicago, Ill.
JAMES H. CRAWFORD, 116 Main, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

New Marriages notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Leonard, Mr. Charles L. Grove, to Miss Anna, of New Castle, Pa.

On the 8th instant, Mr. James C. Lovell, to Miss Maria L. Leonard.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. William F. Steele, to Miss Mary E. Steele, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. R. W. Thomas, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 22nd instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 23rd instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 26th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 27th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

On the 28th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thompson, Mr. George Kinnear, to Miss Emily Kinnear, both of this city.

wit and humor.

ANECDOTES.

The Rev. Tolman Standish, of Northampton, the minister of all the Standishes and a crew they are worthy sons of a worthy sire!—dashed a black boy in his employ, who was, like the most of black boys, full of fun and mischief; and up to a joke, no master at whose expense. He went with the parson's horse every morning to drive the cows to pasture. It was on a piece of business some little distance from the village; and here, out of sight, the neighbors' dogs were wont to meet him and "rake him" every Sunday morning. Parson Standish heard of it, and resolved to catch them at it and put an end to the sport. Next Sunday morning he told Bill he would ride the mare to pasture with the cows, and he (Bill) might stay at home. Bill knew what was in the wind, and taking a short cut across lots, waded up into the pasture away ahead of the parson. The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's mare. He told the boys to be ready, and as soon as the old gentleman arrived to give the word, "Go!" Bill hid himself at the other end of the field, where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along up, and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old mare rode into the race they cried, "Go!" and away went the mare with the reverend rider sticking fast, like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or to him. Away, head of alibis rest, he went like the wind; and at the end of the field Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sang out, "I knowed you'd beat, man! I knowed you'd beat!"

Little Freddy H——, a four-year-old, son of Chaplain H——, of the —th Regiment, New York Volunteers, "perpetrated" a good thing while at camp at Suffolk a short time since. A smart-looking lieutenant, with dashing air and perfumed breath, came into a tent where Freddy was. The little soldier scanned him very closely, and when a convenient opportunity offered itself, he said to the lieutenant, "You are a doctor; I know you are a doctor." "No, my little man," replied the officer, "you are mistaken; this time; I am not a doctor." "Yes, you are a doctor, too," replied Freddy. "I know you are a doctor, for I can smell the medicine."

Mrs. W——, an old lady residing in the town of O——, was, just after one of the battles in the Southwest, listening to an account of General Grant's operations, in which, among other things, it was stated that he had caused several miles of new road to be constructed, and had covered it here and there with corduroy. "Why, bless me!" she exclaimed, "what a waste! Did a body ever hear the like? There's our boys, poor creatures! some of 'em 'most naked, and the pinky officers using up on them secessioners roads all that stuff that was sent to make breeches! I kin tell you," she concluded, with an indignant flourish worthy of the best days of Mrs. Partington, "we haven't got the right kind of generals!"

The honest matron was not aware that the "corduroy" referred to was not exactly the stuff for the boys' "breeches," but that stout timber construction employed to cover otherwise impassable highways.—*Harper's Magazine.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S STORIES.

The Norwalk (Conn.) Gazette says that on a late occasion when the White House was open to the public, a farmer from one of the border counties of Virginia told the President that the Union soldiers, in passing his farm, had helped themselves not only to hay, but his horses, and he hoped the President would urge the proper officer to consider his claim immediately. "Why, my dear sir," replied Mr. Lincoln, blandly, "I couldn't think of such a thing. If I consider individual cases, I should find work enough for twenty Presidents!" Bowie urged his needs persistently, Mr. Lincoln declined good naturedly. "But," said the persevering sufferer, "couldn't you give me a line to Colonel —— about it? just one line?" "Ha, ha, ha!" responded the amiable Old Abe, shaking himself fervently, and crossing his legs the other way, "that reminds me of old Jock Chase, out in Illinois."

At this the crowd huddled forward to listen.

"You've seen Jock—I know him like a brother—used to be a lumberman on the Illinois, and he was steady and sober, and the best rafterman on the river. It was quite a tick, twenty-five years ago, to take the logs over the rapids, but he was skillful with the raft and always kept straight in the stream. Finally a steamboat was put on, and Jock—he's dead now, poor fellow—was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day, when the boat was pinning and wallowing along the rolling current, and Jock's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat tail and halled him with—"Say! Master Captain? I wish you'd just stop your boat a minute—I've lost my apple overboard!"

The Wonders of Quack Medicine.

"Which, it's wonderful sir," exclaimed Mrs. C., one morning, "What then pills and liniment has done for the benefit of human nature. I'm sure, there was my father Jane's cousin, which he was not exactly a journeyman bricklayer, sir, but more what you terminate a jobbing bricklayer, as jobs about off and on at paceswork, he fell off from a scaffold in the Horse' Head, and lay very dangerous at St. Thomas' Hospital, and nothing in the world would have prevented a cancerous abscess from a settin' in (as he told me with his own lips, and he would make his affidavit of it any day of the week,) 'cepting of the Sabbath, which he were religious, although a bricklayer; but that there blessed holiness—or he might have gone about on wooden legs to his dying day. And as for the pills, sir, there's an aunt of mine down in Lincolnshire, who hadn't so much as an ounce of liver left, and used to go off in fits in a harm-chair, and fancy that was in the wind, and taking a short cut across lots, waded up into the pasture away ahead of the parson. The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's mare. He told the boys to be ready, and as soon as the old gentleman arrived to give the word, "Go!" Bill hid himself at the other end of the field, where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along up, and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old mare rode into the race they cried, "Go!" and away went the mare with the reverend rider sticking fast, like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or to him. Away, head of alibis rest, he went like the wind; and at the end of the field Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sang out, "I knowed you'd beat, man! I knowed you'd beat!"

Little Freddy H——, a four-year-old, son of Chaplain H——, of the —th Regiment, New York Volunteers, "perpetrated" a good thing while at camp at Suffolk a short time since. A smart-looking lieutenant, with dashing air and perfumed breath, came into a tent where Freddy was. The little soldier scanned him very closely, and when a convenient opportunity offered itself, he said to the lieutenant, "You are a doctor; I know you are a doctor." "No, my little man," replied the officer, "you are mistaken; this time; I am not a doctor." "Yes, you are a doctor, too," replied Freddy. "I know you are a doctor, for I can smell the medicine."

TAKES TWO OF THEM.—A bashful youth who lives not a thousand miles from this city was paying marked attention to a beautiful young lady, who rejoices in the possession of an interesting niece, about six years old. The other evening he was enjoying a social chat with the young lady, vainly trying to nerve himself to ask the terrible question, when the little niece entered the room. A new thought struck him. Taking her on his knees, he asked, in a quivering voice—

"Fanny, dear, are you willing I should have your aunt for my own? I will give you five hundred dollars for her."

"Oh, yes!" said the little thing, clapping her hands in glee. "But hadn't you better give me a thousand dollars, and take two of them?"

OBSCURE SOURCES OF DISEASE.

BY DR. JAMES R. NICHOLS.

An article under the above heading appears in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. Its author is one of our best practical chemists, and high authority on such a subject. So important and weighty are the facts and suggestions of the article that we think it the kindest deed we can perform for our readers to make the following extract:

There are many instances of disease brought to the notice of physicians which are exceedingly perplexing in their character, and the sources of which are very imperfectly understood. I am led to believe that a considerable number arise from some disturbance in the sanitary conditions of dwellings or their surroundings, and that however improbable this may seem from a superficial or even careful examination of suspected premises, a still more thorough and extended search will often result in the discovery of some agent or agents capable of producing disease.

The chemical and physical condition of water used for culinary purposes has much to do with health, and is perhaps the often overlooked by the physician in searching for the cause of sickness. We must not suppose that water is only hurtful when impregnated with the salts of lead or other metals; there are different sources of contamination, which produce the most serious disturbance upon the system. Some of these are very obscure and difficult of detection.

The sense of taste and smell are not to be relied upon in examinations, as it often happens that water entirely unfit for use is devoid of all physical appearance calculated to awaken suspicion. It is clear, inodorous, palatable, and there is no apparent source from whence impurity may arise.

During the past summer, the writer was consulted by a gentleman residing in Roxbury, respecting the water used in his family. It was taken into the dwelling through tin pipe from a well in the immediate vicinity, and appeared to be perfectly pure and healthy. Analysis disclosed no salts of lead or copper, as indeed none could be expected from the unusual precautions taken to prevent contact of the water with these metals. Abundant evidence was, however, afforded that, through some avenue, organic matters in unusual quantities were finding



FLY FISHING.

OLD JONES.—"Now then! I think I shall get a rise here!"

access to the water. Careful examination of the premises disclosed the fact that an outhouse on the grounds of a neighbor was so situated as to act as a receptacle for house drainings, and from thence by subterranean passages the liquids flowed into the well. Some cases of illness, of long standing in the family, disappeared upon abandoning the use of the water.

A few months since a specimen of water was brought to me for chemical examination, by a gentleman of Charlestown, who stated that his wife was afflicted with protracted illness of a somewhat unusual character. It was found to be largely impregnated with potash and the salts resulting from the decomposition of animal and vegetable debris, and the opinion expressed that some connection existed between the well and the waste fluids of the dwelling. This seemed improbable, as all these were securely carried away in a brick cemented drain, and in a direction opposite the water supply. The use of the spade, however, revealed a break in the drain at a point favorable for an inflow into the well, and hence the source of the contamination. Rapid convalescence followed on the part of the sick wife upon obtaining water from another source.

Analysis was recently made of water from a well in Middlesex county, which disclosed conditions quite similar to these. The owner was certain that no impurity could arise from sources suggested, but rigid and persistent investigation disclosed the fact, that the servant girl had long been in the habit of emptying the "slops" into a cavity by the kitchen door (formed by the displacement of several bricks in the pavement,) where they were readily absorbed. Although the well was quite remote, the intervening space was filled with coarse sand and rubble stones, and hence the unclean liquids found an easy passage to the water. This proved to be the cause of illness in the family.

In cities and large towns, where extraneous matters accumulate rapidly around dwellings compacted together, it is difficult to locate wells remote from danger, and hence it might seem that suspicion should be confined to these localities. This, however, is not a safe conclusion. How often do we see, upon isolated farms in the country, the well located within, or upon the margin of the barnyard, near huge maguey heaps, reeking with ammonical and other gases, the prolific sources of soluble salts, which find access to the water, and render it unfit as a beverage for man and beast. It may no doubt be a convenience to the farmer to have his water-supply so situated as to meet the wants of the occupants of his barn and dwelling, but it is full of danger.

Whilst admitting that such may be the condition of the water of many wells, doubts may arise with some, whether substances not decidedly poisonous, and received in such quantities, can after all be productive of much harm, or the real source of illness. To the great majority of people they are certainly harmless, but it must be admitted that there is a class, and one or more are found in almost every family, whose peculiar sensitive organization does not admit of the presence of any extraneous agent in food or drink, or in what they inhale. The functions of life and health are disturbed by the slightest deviation from the usual or normal condition of things around them.

It seems incredible that the thousandth part of a grain of one of the salts of lead, dissolved in water and taken daily, will disturb the system of any one; and yet such is the case. We can see no reason why a very little citrate of potassium, or soda, or lime, taken in the same way, should produce any effects; still stranger is it that the infinitesimal amount of dust dislodged from painted

wall-papers, received into the lungs, should make furors upon health.

Several instances of this latter result have recently come to my knowledge. In two families of the highest respectability in this city, illness of an unusual and protracted character existed, and at the suggestion of the physician, of the green wall-paper of the dwelling were submitted to me for analysis. The pigments were found to consist mainly of arsenite of copper, and upon the removal of the papers the illness disappeared. In experimenting with apparently the most suitable apparatus, and employing delicate chemical tests, in rooms the walls of which were covered with these arsenical papers, no evidence of the presence of the poison in the atmosphere has been afforded; and this corresponds with the results of all similar experiments made in this country and in Europe, so far as my knowledge extends. We must conclude that agents not recognizable by chemical tests are capable of disturbing vital processes. The evidence is very clear that in instances of illness confined to one or two members of a household, the cause may be due to some accidental disturbance with which all are equally brought into contact, but which has not the power of injuriously influencing but a part. It is also clear that these sources of disease are of such a character as easily to escape detection, and therefore any facts or experience which may serve as guides to their discovery are worthy of record.

STREET MUSICIANS.—Reader, you have doubtless been stopped many times, even when your head was full of other things, by the strains of the street musician. Sometimes the magic sounds have taken your thoughts far away to other scenes, perhaps brought out from hidden memories the dear faces of the distant ones your heart yearns to see again. The little girl with foreign looks, who usually attends these itinerants, and who has learned in her life of vicissitudes to judge well of faces, comes with her tambourine to seek a small reward, and you, with new and lighter thoughts, go, as it were, refreshed, back into the turbid current of daily life. Thus even these wanderers, who mechanically are merely turning a crank, unconscious of the sounds so often produced, are like magicians that ignorantly touch the hidden keys of the passions and affections, whose wondrous chords and harmonies vibrate through past and present, and even throw a mystic influence over the future, as the strings of the *Æolian harp* may still murmur long after the winds have passed away.

P. S. [Always use a wooden spoon for cooking.]

Omelets.—Break in a bowl as many eggs as there are persons to serve; beat them with a little milk, or at least a little water if you have no milk; add also salt and pepper. Have a piece of butter the size of a walnut put into the pan; when it is hot pour in the eggs. When one side is done slide it gently from the pan into the dish, and when half of it is in the dish, turn the pan upside down so as to fold the omelet; it is more tender and tasty. Do not turn it over in the pan so as to fry both sides. You may mix a little chopped parsley in the egg before baking.

Paste.—Take 1 lb. butter, put it in a pail of very cold water for 1 hour, and take it out (if on ice 'tis just as well); make a paste with it, and 1 lb. flour, also 2 eggs, 1 pint cold water, and 1 oz. salt; knead the whole properly with the fingers; then dredge the board with flour; take a rolling pin and roll it thin; fold it over once again and roll again thin; repeat the same process 5 times in summer and six in winter, and leave it there half an hour in summer and an hour in winter before using it.

To Keep Fine 48 Hours in Warm Weather.—Clean it well, lay it in a china vessel, covering it with cold water that has been salted and peppered; a little thyme adds.

A New Fix.—The imperial court of Montpellier has recently been called on to hear an appeal, in which the point in dispute was the *vitro quoque* whether the frog is a fish. The judgment was affirmative, and those persons who have hitherto thought that they might catch frogs at all seasons, in private or public waters, will now see that they have been mistaken.

Answers to Riddles in Last Number.—*ENIGMA.*—The graduating class. *RIDDLE.*—Wm. S. Rosecrans. *CHARADE.*—Lever, Levi, Levi, veil.

During the last fifty years, the devotees of science have established many beautiful theories in agriculture, which experience has again and again exploded, and although we have great regard and reverence for wisdom, which strives to elicit truth by interrogating nature, as to the mysterious processes by which she works, we would never accept any mere theories upon any man's authority.

Science can suggest and direct the farmer in the right way, oftentimes. But the professor in his laboratory, can never know as does the actual worker upon the farm, all the varied circumstances which interfere with his abstract reasonings upon cause and effect, and until he removes his dogmatism, and considers that the farmer can teach him, as much as he can teach the farmer, we fear that the prejudice which exists between these two classes of minds will continue.—Massachusetts *Advertiser.*

CAUSE AND CURE OF LICE ON CATTLE.—Some of the washes and applications recommended for the destruction of lice on cattle are dangerous or positively injurious to the health of the animal. Whatever may be thought of the cause of lice so confidently asserted in the annexed extract of a communication in the Boston Cultivator, there need be no fear of the bad results of the application of the remedy proposed:

No one ever saw an animal in good condition lousy, and no one ever saw a poor one, that was so for any length of time, that was not. This I consider proof enough; but if any one doubts, let him try the remedy of any good feed, and he will soon see how much superior it is to all the washes so highly recommended. The decay of the skin, consequent on the change from fat to lean, produces lice, and the way to cure a disease is to remove the cause.

BUCKWHEAT AS AN EXTERMINATOR OF WEEDS.—Buckwheat, when sown on, rich ground, will kill grass effectively. It must be sown as soon as the grass is ploughed. In such case, a few crops will even exterminate thick grass. Buckwheat seems to be poison to other plants; and it is even known to destroy insects. It does this probably by destroying the roots of the grasses and herbs on which they feed. No insect touches buckwheat in the ground.

The initials spell the name of a man occupying an important position at the present day, and the name gives his popular title.

Turbo Co., Md. *AMBRIDEXTER.*

CHARADE.—*One of the Kings of Israel.* *An island in the East Indies.* *A river in New Jersey.* *A species of poplar.* *Roman Catholic worship.* *What heathen countries require.* *A dye.* *A cetaceous fish.* *The capital of a New England State.* *A kind of dramatic composition.* *A young quadruped.* *A city in Tennessee.*

The clouds will soon be scattered. *Heavenly messenger.* *Heavenly messenger.* *And all use.*

CHARADE.—*Who can be a good man?* *One who is not a bad man.* *My 3rd is an article.* *My 4th is an occult grain.* *My whole is the scholar's companion.*

Mount Carroll, Md. *ANDROS.*

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—*Suppose a cask standing on a horizontal plane, whose form is that of a conical frustum, 40 inches in diameter at the top or smaller end, 50 inches in diameter at the bottom or larger end, 60 inches deep and full of water. Required—the angle of elevation to which the plane must be raised in order to empty the cask of exactly one-half of its contents, the bottom of the cask being fixed to the plane which it stands so as to prevent it from sliding or upsetting, and the water free to overflow the top, the top being entirely open?*

ARTEMAS MARTIN. *Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

REBUTTAL.—*An answer is requested.*

PROBLEM.—*Written for the Saturday Evening Post.* Divide a circle 10 rods diameter into 6 arcs by parallel lines such that they shall be equal to each other as 3, 4, 5, 6. Required—the length of the division line. It is also required to divide a sphere 10 inches diameter by parallel planes whose solidities shall have the above ratios; required, the respective distances of the planes from its centre?

E. HAGERTY. *Baltimore.*

REBUTTAL.—*An answer is requested.*

CONUNDRUMS.—*Why is the burning of Hindoo women like sweeping chimneys?* *Ans.*—Because it is Suttee business.

What is the difference between a solid of ice and a running stream? *Ans.*—One is a solid of ice, and the other a flow of water.

What is Old Nick's favorite amusement? *Ans.*—A game of poker.

Why was Helen of Troy like a garden snob? *Ans.*—Because she adored herself.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST NUMBER.—*ENIGMA.*—The graduating class. *RIDDLE.*—Wm. S. Rosecrans. *CHARADE.*—Lever, Levi, Levi, veil.

Answer to PROBLEM by L. B. Chester, published June 12th. The numbers are 5 and 6. A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa.; Wm. T. Philadelphia. The numbers are 64 and 52. Ecolier, Barnesville, Ohio; O. H. Hedges, Gray's Valley, Pennsylvania; E. Hayes, Columbus; Francis W. Hibbard, Ohio; Z. V. Ohio; and Capt. L. B. Chester.